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OLLA PODRIDA.

We are not aware whether the Doctor Hahn is or is not a homœopath; all we know is that he has married Fanny Elsler. It is said, however, that the celebrated *danseuse* has stipulated that she shall continue to retain the name of Elsler.

It is scarcely worth mentioning, since everybody knows it, that Madame Jenny Lind Otto Goldsmidt has been in London since a week, that she resides at Fenton's Hotel in Jermyn Street, and that she was seen by admiring congregations at the Musical Union on Tuesday, and on the same evening at the St. James's, when Schiller's "Song of the Bell" was recited by the German Company. This is scarcely worth mentioning, but it is worth mentioning, that whether the Nightingale, being mated, will consent to sing at either of the London Operas, or at any of the Provincial Festivals this year, is not known, nothing having transpired to prove the fact, or the contrary thereof. And this in the teeth of our lively contemporaries of Liverpool and Manchester. It is also worth mentioning that whether Madame Jenny Lind Otto Goldsmidt has yet had an interview, or is likely to have an interview, with her Majesty Queen Victoria of these blessed realms, has not oozed out of the rock of uncertainty.

Vivier, on the other hand, has started for Constantinople, where he intends to reside six weeks with his friend and patron, Redschid Pasha, and blow bubbles with his sublimity, the Sultan of all the Turkeys. A jocular scribe, in the columns of our contemporary, *Le Ministrel*, informs the readers of that journal that, "as all the world proceeds to Constantinople by sea, Vivier is determined to go by land, and is now in the bowels of Hungary."

From Vienna we hear of nothing but the brilliant successes of Madame Medori, of whose recent performance in the part of Donna Anna, the correspondent of *Le Theatre* thus writes:—"Now that I have spoken of everybody in general, I must call your attention to the eminent artist who was proclaimed by just title 'the most brilliant star of this artistic Pleiad,' henceforth destined to delight an idolizing public, not over-ready, by the way, in according the palm of merit to artists. I speak of Madame Medori, who, by the suavity of her voice, by her high intelligence, by her exquisite method, her sentiment, and the majesty and correctness of her movements and gestures, endowed the grand part of Donna Anna with an interest and a charm quite new. I will however allow the critic of one of the most esteemed jour-

nals in Vienna to speak. Apropos of Madame Medori, he thus expresses himself:—"The honours of the *soirée* belonged by right to Mad. Medori. This sublime artist, from one end of the opera to the other, in large phrases as in those which belong to sentiment and passion, excited admiration by her wholly exceptional talent, and the treasures of her voice so pure, so sweet, so powerful and harmonious. Thus she charmed her hearers, threw them into ecstasies, and achieved the most splendid of successes. The enthusiasm of the public augmented at each successive appearance of this brilliant star; she was encored in several pieces; at the end of the grand air in the 2nd act, the cheers and plaudits were so '*vifs et frenetiques*' (lively and frenzied), that the orchestra itself, transported with admiration, and '*entraîné*' (dragged along) by the universal '*elan*' (impulse), throwing aside all instruments, rose as one man and saluted the eminent *cantatrice* with '*bravos*' of the most energetic. Never before did our Italian stage witness so great a triumph; never did a flower more bright, and more richly merited, adorn the crown of an artist."

Mr. Gye, we learn, has engaged Mad. Medori for next season. Those who have heard Mad. Medori declare, with one voice, that she is the only possible successor of Grisi. *Nous verrons*—Voltaire said so, and we re-say so. Why not?

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The seventh concert, on Monday night, was a very good one, although there was no novelty of interest in the selection. The following was the programme:—

PART I.

Sinfonia, in G minor, No. 3	...	Mozart.
Aria, "Hélas! elle n'est plus," Madame Castellan (Fernand Cortez)	...	Spontini.
Concerto in G, pianoforte, Herr Pauer...	...	Beethoven.
Aria, "Schweig, schweig!" Herr Formes (Der Freischütz)	...	Weber.
Duettino, "Questa volta," Madame Castellan and Signor Gardoni	...	Costa.
Overture (Oberon)	...	Weber.

PART II.

Sinfonia in D, No. 2	...	Beethoven.
Terzetto, Madame Castellan, Signor Gardoni, and Herr Formes (Robert le Diable)	...	Meyerbeer.
Concerto in G, violin, Mr. Cooper	...	Spohr.
Romanza, "Ah! se un angelo," Signor Gardoni (La Favorita)	...	Donizetti.
Overture (Guillaume Tell)	...	Rossini.

Conductor, Mr. Costa.

The symphonies, both too well known to call for any special remarks, were extremely well performed. It would

have been wiser, nevertheless, to have chosen one of the later works of Beethoven to follow the unsurpassable masterpiece of Mozart. The two first symphonies of Beethoven are so much imbued with the spirit and style of those of his great predecessor, that the contrast desirable in a long and serious performance is lost when they are placed in juxtaposition. Had the directors set themselves a task to find the two overtures which have been most hackneyed during the last twenty years, they could scarcely have been more successful in their search. The overtures to *Oberon* and *Guillaume Tell* cannot be too much admired in their respective styles; but it is time to lay them aside for a period; they would gain materially by being allowed to remain unheard for a season. The *Oberon* was not so finely executed as we have been accustomed to at the Philharmonic concerts; some of the wind instrument points were wavering and unsteady.

Herr Pauer played Beethoven's concerto in a masterly manner. He did not approach the "ideal" of Mendelssohn, whose performance of this romantic and beautiful work, at the Philharmonic concerts, can never be forgotten; but he gave the real solid German reading, introducing Beethoven's own *cadenza* in the first movement (instead of an impromptu), giving to every phrase its proper expression, to every note its precise value. The mechanism of Herr Pauer is remarkably neat, and his accentuation clear and decided. He is never enthusiastic, but, on the other hand, he is never extravagant, which, in its way, is a great point gained. His tone is strong, and pure at the same time; in short, Herr Pauer is an accomplished pianist, who, thoroughly understanding his author, and able to execute him with ease, could not fail in producing a marked effect in such a stirring and original composition as the concerto in G. The last movement was, in some places, taken too slow (according to our impression of Beethoven's meaning), but in all other respects Herr Pauer's performance was first rate, and wholly exempt from criticism. The audience were unanimously pleased, and applauded him with enthusiasm. His success was amply merited. Not less entitled to praise was Mr. Cooper's execution of Spohr's elaborate concerto No. 7 (the same which Mr. Sinton introduced three years ago). Mr. Cooper, who continues to improve in tone, style, and mechanism, may now fairly be called the best English violinist. He has great energy—too much, indeed, at times—and wants but little to attain the highest rank. His reading of Spohr's music was admirable. In the slow movement, together with unerring intonation and breadth of style, was remarked a tranquillity of expression in which his *adagio* playing was formerly deficient. His double-stopping was perfect, and in the most difficult *bravura* passages he displayed an ease and *aplomb* which imparted the best effect to the music, and afforded the fullest satisfaction to the hearer. Mr. Cooper experienced a very flattering reception, and his performance was repeatedly interrupted by loud and general applause. Only fine playing could possibly have insured a patient hearing for so long and heavy a work, at such a late hour, after three full symphonic pieces had already been given.

Of the vocal music—except Herr Formes' striking delivery of the air of Caspar, the duet from Costa's opera of *Don Carlos*, admirably sung by Mde. Castellan and Signor Gardoni, and the graceful romance from *La Favorita* (in which, it may not be forgotten, Signor Gardoni was first heard, at Her Majesty's Theatre, in 1847)—the less said the better. The room was very full.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Signor Bettini, a tenor, who formed part of the Royal Italian troupe in 1848, and who has not since been heard in England, appeared on Tuesday night as *Ernani*. He has a powerful voice, not remarkable for sweetness or richness of quality, and, without much pretence to skill as a vocalist, sings with a great deal of energy and force. When Signor Bettini was last in England, much the same criticism might have been fairly pronounced on him. His performance on Tuesday exhibited neither advance nor retrogression. There was quite enough vigour, and a sort of even correctness in the singing, which passed muster. Of poetry, passion, and sentiment, generally regarded as indispensable in romantic characters, there were no vestiges. The first *aria* was given with considerable power, and much applauded; and in several other places in the opera, where energy was demanded, Signor Bettini proved himself fully equal to the music; but the general impression left by his performance was evidently cold. The other chief parts were sustained, as usual, by Mdlle. Cruvelli, Signor Belletti, and Signor Ferlotti.

Two valuable accessions have been made to the *ballet*, in Mdlle. Fleury and M. Durand. Mdlle. Fleury first came out at Her Majesty's Theatre about eight years ago. She subsequently achieved considerable popularity at Drury Lane Theatre in the *ballet* of the *Jolie Fille de Gand*, and was afterwards engaged at the Royal Italian Opera in 1847. Mdlle. Fleury has remarkably improved; and there is every promise of her eventually attaining a high rank in her profession. On Tuesday he danced a new mazurka with a spirit and *entrain* that drew down the loudest plaudits and a general recall. M. Durand is the best male dancer since Perrot, whose vigour and manliness of deportment he appeared to emulate. A new *pas de deux*, composed by himself, in which he had the advantage of being assisted by the graceful and admirable Rosati, gave M. Durand an excellent opportunity of displaying his ability to advantage. His execution was surprising, and he accomplished every feat with an ease and *aplomb* that left none of the disagreeable impressions arising from effort and straining. Mademoiselle Rosati had two variations, entirely new, in the first of which she introduced some of those peculiarly rapid and intricate steps for which she has won such celebrity, while the last was especially distinguished by grace and elevation. She was enthusiastically applauded, and recalled at the end. Mademoiselles Rosa and Esper, two of the most charming and accomplished of Mr. Lumley's unrivalled troupe of *coryphées*, were actively employed in the episodic portions of the *pas de deux*, and were brought forward by Mdlle. Rosati and M. Durand at the conclusion. The house was fashionably attended.

The long promised ballet of M. St. Georges is in rehearsal; and among the immediate "novelties" announced is *Otello*, in which Desdemona is to be represented by Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

ON Tuesday night, after an act of *Norma*, Donizetti's comic masterpiece, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, was represented for the first time this season. The part of Adina was allotted to Madame Bosio, a vocalist who has won considerable reputation in America. How far this may serve her in Europe remains to be seen. The impression created by Madame Bosio's performance on Tuesday, although she obtained a great

deal of applause at the beginning and in the course of the opera, was not favourable. Madame Bosio's voice is worn; there is a "vibrato," or trembling, on the sustained notes, by no means agreeable; and when the upper tones are forced, which is not unfrequently, her intonation becomes sharp. She has, however, some good qualities, and in pathetic passages sings with taste and feeling. Madame Bosio is most successful when she makes the least effort—as an example of which she sang the romance in the first scena—"Della crudel Isotta"—extremely well; while in the air (Act II.), "Prendi per me," with its *cabaletta di bravura*, "No, che infelice," (Donizetti's original), she attempted a great deal, but comparatively failed. Mde. Bosio walks the stage easily, but beyond this exhibits no particular talent as an actress. A general view of her pretensions leaves us at liberty to entitle her a good second-rate singer, and nothing more. Signor Galvani, the tenor, who, it will be remembered, appeared once before this season, as Elvino, came forward a second time on Tuesday as Nemorino. Signor Galvani's Nemorino is better than his Elvino; but that is not equivalent to saying that it is good. It had the merit of unobtrusiveness, however, which was a point in its favour. The scenes with Adina and Dulcamara were respectably sung and respectably acted, and the "Una furta lagrima" was given with feeling; but this was not enough for the Royal Italian Opera, where such a magnificent singer as Signor Tamberlik has been doing little else, for nearly two months, than singing with Madame Jullienne, a very loud duet from *I Martiri*, to bring down the curtain, with great applause, late in the night. The Belcore of the evening was Signor Bartolini, who, with one of the finest barytone voices ever heard upon the stage, has yet everything to learn, both as a singer and as an actor. In 1850 the parts of Adina, Nemorino, and Belcore were cast to Madame Viardot, Mario, and Tamburini. A comparison with Tuesday's distribution must have suggested a melancholy contrast. A really strong cast would always render *L'Elisir d'Amore*—one of the most genial and admirable of Italian operas—attractive; and we must unhesitatingly condemn the policy which exposes it to the vicissitudes of first appearances, when unguaranteed by a tolerable certainty of success. But for the Dulcamara of Ronconi *L'Elisir* must have been an inevitable failure on Tuesday. This inimitable comedian and sterling singer supported the entire weight of the opera on his shoulders, and by his incessant and unprecedented drolleries kept the audience in a state of continual good humour. Ronconi was never greater, never more irresistible, and never more triumphantly showed the value of a consummate artist, even when surrounded by comparative mediocrity. He was sole possessor of the stage whenever he appeared; in his presence all shortcomings were forgotten or disregarded; while, in his absence, the performance was felt to be dull, and all the attraction of Donizetti's sparkling music was insufficient to enliven it.

There was a crowded house. Meanwhile the season is far advanced, and the inquiries for *Faust*, *Oberon*, and, last, not least, Jullien's *Pietro il Grande*, are becoming general.

Dramatic.

GERMAN PLAYS.—On Tuesday evening a work from a royal pen, that of her Royal Highness the Princess Amelia of Saxony, was submitted to the judgment of a London audience. This dramatic novelty is entitled *Der Majoratserbe*, and the plot of it may thus be briefly described. Count Paul

Scharfeneck (Herr Emil Devrient), the heir-at-law, is a young man who has been spoiled by his too-fond parents. The result is that he has contracted the habit of thinking that every one and everything has been created merely to gratify his own personal wants and caprices. To such a point has this feeling of egotism been developed in him, that if he were required to state his precise opinion as to the world he inhabits, we should say that he could not do better than to parody Louis the Fourteenth's celebrated assertion, and reply: "Le monde c'est moi!" The defects due to the manner in which he has been brought up have not, however, been able to ruin his heart, which is naturally good and noble. He has been destined to marry the young Countess Bertha von Lauerfeld (Frau-lein Schäfer). The lady, however, merely laughs at his absurdities, and fancies that she is in love with Count Leo Scharfeneck (Herr Wisthaler), his cousin, who subsists on his liberality, and in return ridicules him behind his back. Count Paul eventually becomes acquainted with this circumstance, and also with the fact of the Countess's liking for Count Leo. He is deeply grieved, but resolves to requite evil with good, and accordingly, in order to place his cousin in a position to marry the countess, resolves on relinquishing in his favour his own claims as heir-at-law, a proceeding sanctioned by the German code, and entering the *Deutscher Orden*, a semi-religious fraternity, whose members take a vow of celibacy. Meantime, however, the young lady has had time to discover the numberless good qualities concealed beneath his fantastic behaviour, and has become deeply in love with him. When, therefore, he comes forward to sacrifice his own happiness so generously, in order, as he imagines, to secure hers, she is overwhelmed with the most poignant grief, from which, however, she is released by Count Leo avowing that he is already married, and that she is, therefore, still free to follow the dictates of her heart, and become the wife of Count Paul. The piece is *nicely* written, and the character of Count Paul treated with considerable ability. Herr Emil Devrient gained very great and merited applause for his impersonation of the *bizarre*, good-natured, egotistical fop, and was very ably supported by the other members of the company. The entertainments commenced with Schiller's *Lied von der Glocke*, and terminated with a farce called *Die Eifersüchtigen*. The *Lied von der Glocke* was certainly never intended for the stage, where it is quite out of place. The audience appeared to find it rather *slow*, but manifested their approval of the farce by frequent applause and continuous laughter. On Thursday the entertainment provided by Mr. Mitchell consisted of Shakspeare's tragedy of *Hamlet*. The representation was remarkable for the great care and even elegance of acting displayed in it, but the audience looked in vain for any of the great "points" to which they had been accustomed on the English stage. The majority were evidently surprised and delighted most with the nearly miraculous fidelity of Schlegel's translation of his great original. Schlegel's version of Shakspeare—that is, of some of his works, for he did not translate them all, more is the pity—may be looked on as simply wonderful. It was impossible for our sublime poet to find a more gifted interpreter.

HAYMARKET.—Buckstone's benefit, which took place at this theatre on Wednesday last, caused us to regret that we were not for the moment in Paris. Our regret did not arise from the knowledge that we could walk down to the theatre without the remotest chance of our getting a bullet through our head in some street row, a trifling casualty which might

very easily befal us in Paris; but that from which it did arise was the fact of our having lately read a certain paragraph contained in the French papers. This paragraph was a remarkable one, and had remained deeply impressed on our memory. By it we learned that a lady, having lost a considerable amount of property applied for information in the matter to a celebrated Mesmerist. The latter immediately made the necessary passes on his "subject," who straightway proceeded to describe the malefactor—a discharged maid-servant; the cause of her ill-deed—a youth for whom she felt a tender passion, and with whom she meant to share the plunder; the place where the money was concealed—a box in her room; and, lastly, the amount she had already spent—360 francs. This was the cause of our lamentation; the reason of our sorrow, for it struck us forcibly that were we in Paris, and the new piece of the *Foundlings*, which was produced for the first time on Wednesday, French, that is to say, written in French (we beg the reader to bear in mind that it may be the former without being the latter), the *Clairvoyant* above mentioned might be entreated to abandon for the moment the *Cour d'Assises* and devote his extraordinary faculty for our own personal benefit, and indirectly for that of our readers. Immediately we had arrived at the doors of the theatre, and seen the crowds unable to obtain admittance, immediately we had heard the phrase "no more room" from the officials, whose lot in life it is to be locked up in the small pay-boxes and, in the midst of crowds of excited, merry play-goers, all smiles and eagerness, to be condemned to regular, downright solitude, almost as complete as if they had regularly taken to the hermit "dodge"—as the Chancellor of the Exchequer would doubtless call it—in the Thebais of olden times—immediately, we repeat, that we heard this phrase, and from such lips, a horrible vision forced itself upon our mind in the form of a sort of moving panorama, beginning with the Black Hole at Calcutta, and ending with the deck of a Waterman Steamer on a fine Whit-Monday. If, as we have said, we had been in Paris, we should, directly we had beheld the state of affairs, have quietly turned back, and proceeding to the dwelling of our extraordinary *Clairvoyant*, have learned from him everything connected with the "new Comic Drama" in our own rooms, and then written our article without so much as a hair turned or a shirt collar rumpled. But alas for us! *Clairvoyance* has not yet attained the necessary degree of development in London, either to supersede the "detectives" at Scotland Yard, or dispense with the presence of critics at Buckstone's benefit. We were obliged to force our way in. It is true we were successful in obtaining a good place, but at what personal sacrifice of that finished elegance of toilet for which we are distinguished! Our readers will form some idea of the immense crowd present when we inform them that it had been absolutely necessary to remove the musicians and convert the orchestra into stalls. And if this was the case at Buckstone's benefit what will it be on the occasion of that of Mr. Webster, next Wednesday? We actually shiver with affright when we think that our duties will oblige us to be present, but we shall profit by the opportunity to inform the Statistical Society what is the smallest possible space in which a human being can exist for a given number of hours.

It strikes us, however, that it is high time that we should—not "return," but—"come to our moutons," which in this case are the *Foundlings*, Edward Jackson (Mr. Howe), and Timothy Dixon (Mr. Buckstone). These two individuals have been deposited at an early period of their earthly

career, on a doorstep in Brunswick Square. Their first known place of abode was a basket, their next, the Foundling Hospital. On their leaving this institution, Edward Jackson, a fine, noble-spirited young fellow, endowed with a remarkable degree of perseverance, devotes himself to the study of the law, and, in due time, becomes a promising young barrister. Timothy Dixon, on the other hand, who is endowed with a remarkable want of perseverance, devotes himself to the study of nothing particular, and, in due time, becomes a good natured kind of reprobate. The only object on which he deigns to concentrate his faculties for any period, is the discovery of his parents and those of Edward Jackson, for whom he entertains feelings of the greatest affection and respect. Through an advertisement in the *Times*, Dixon makes the acquaintance of an individual of the name of Moleskin (Mr. Keeley), who is in possession of certain important particulars concerning the birth of the two Foundlings. This Moleskin, who has exercised almost every disreputable profession extant, including that of a convict, has, on his return "from abroad," become a pious and exemplary convert to the tenets of Methodism, from a conviction that the humbug of sanctity is the most profitable humbug going. Although deeply imbued, however, with immense veneration for Christian charity, he refuses to give Dixon the information he requires until the latter has paid him for it the sum of two hundred pounds in the current coin of the realm. Dickson is at first puzzled how to raise this sum, but he is rescued from his embarrassment by one Doctor Juniper (Mr. Lambert), a medical practitioner, with a pet theory on hydrophobia, who agrees to give him the amount he needs, provided that Dixon will allow himself to be bitten by a mad dog, in order to prove the efficacy of an antidote of the Doctor's prescribing. Dixon consents; and having obtained the money, learns, to his great disgust, from Moleskin, that he, Dixon, is the son of a nobleman, and heir to his title; while his friend Jackson is the offspring of a pugilist rejoicing in the name of the Putney Pet. At first, he meditates reversing the order of things, by making Jackson believe that he is the nobleman, and he, Dixon, the child of the prize-fighter. He is, however, ultimately under the necessity of revealing the truth, in consequence of Jackson's having fallen in love with a young lady, who, were he the offspring of the noble house of Eaglesfield, would be so nearly related to him as to render all ideas of marriage totally impossible.

There is a second plot, which has nothing at all to do with the one we have just related, and which merely serves as a vehicle for a little sentiment on the part of a young dress-maker, Pamela Pattens (Mrs. Fitzwilliam), for the eccentricities of a philanthropic peer of the name of Lord Moonshyne (Mr. Parselle), and the foppish peculiarities of the Hon. C. Greatrakes (Mr. Leigh Murray).

The two great hits of the piece are the characters of Timothy Dixon and Moleskin. The restless, fidgetty vivacity of the former were admirably suited to Mr. Buckstone's peculiar style, while the latter afforded a most excellent opportunity for the display of that stolid, stupid, imperturbable kind of humour for which Mr. Keeley is so celebrated. Every time that these two gentlemen appeared on the stage, until they made their exit, the audience were convulsed with the most genuine laughter. Each of them has added another triumph to the long list of those which he has already achieved. The other characters were all most creditably sustained, especially that of the Hon. C. Great-

rakes, by Mr. Leigh Murray, who played the vapid, inane, fashionable fop, with all that care, nice discrimination, and gentlemanly bearing for which he is so well known.

The piece was got up with Mr. Webster's accustomed liberality and good taste. One scene, in particular, representing an elegant drawing-room, may be especially noticed as being the reality of perfection, and the perfection of reality. The applause at the fall of the curtain was most unanimous, and we are sincerely rejoiced at having to congratulate Mr. Webster on another true and legitimate success.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. Lovell's new play, *The Trial of Love*, was brought out on Monday night week, and achieved one of those decided triumphs which cannot fail to gratify every party interested in a dramatic production. A round of applause at the end of each act,—a continuous thunder of applause at the descent of the curtain,—a demand that the principal actors should reappear and receive a renewed tribute of admiration,—three separate calls for the author, who graciously bowed from his box,—and last, not least, critical whispers among the audience, all in the approving strain,—these were the manifestations of the evening, and what could the most ardent lover of popularity, whether in the literary or histrionic profession, desire more? There was a complete grove of laurels.

As the plot of a new five-act play is an important matter, and more especially important in the work now under consideration, we will begin by discharging our duty as historians, that is to say, as far as essentials are concerned, since nothing can be less interesting or more unprofitable than a series of minute dramatic details served out in the narrative form. The action takes place in 1644, at Newark, a loyal town, is besieged by the Parliamentary troops, but is firmly devoted to the cause of Charles. Somebody accidentally shoots a carrier pigeon, and from the wing of the dead bird is taken a letter signed "Tarpeia," evidently intended as a treasonable communication to the Roundheads. Who was the miscreant that wrote the epistle? Colonel Boswell, the Lieutenant-Governor of the town, thinks, or rather affects to think, that the culprit is Sir Herbert Tyrrell, a young officer, who, having saved from peril the daughter of Sir William Grey, of Newark, and received a wound in performing the gallant deed, is generously tended at her father's house. This Sir William Grey is a rich retired old gentleman, who professes great partiality for astronomy, and is evidently pleased at the attachment which exists between his daughter Isabel and her preserver, though he thinks that something like a "sacrifice" is required as a test of love. As for Sir Herbert, he is one of those pure souls who are as impatient of an accusation as a well-polished knife of a trace of breath, and the mere hint, conveyed—we own not gently—by the rough lieutenant, that he has written the letter, is sufficient to throw him into a state of despair, which brings the first act to a termination. Though he knows his innocence, he feels that, as a suspected being, he is unworthy to enter Gray's mansion, and he would batten in loneliness on his own misery did not Margaretta, one of those good-natured little *soubrettes* who are not unfamiliar to playgoers, call him a "fool," and conduct him by a private door, not only into the house, but into Sir William's secret apartment. Here he amuses himself with his reflections, while Margaretta gazes at the globes and telescopes, till at last, in the course of her curiosity, she upsets a table, which flies open, and lets out a number of papers. Among these Sir Herbert perceives a document, in the "Tarpeia" hand, and, turning Margaretta out of the room, pursues a

train of thought, first congratulating himself that he can now free his character from stain by revealing the real culprit, and then pausing in his joy, when it occurs to him that this culprit cannot well be any other than his lady's father. The entrance of Sir William brings about a sharp debate, the old gentleman accusing the young one of impertinent intrusion, and the young gentleman wondering that the aged traitor has the audacity to accuse anybody of anything. In the midst of the discussion soldiers appear, charged with the duty of arresting Tyrrell, and the gallant youth, moved by the word "Isabel," which is whispered in his ear by Sir William, allows himself to be led off without making any revelation, and, consequently, with all the weight of criminal responsibility on his own head. So closes act the second. Act the third is chiefly occupied by a visit which Sir William and Isabel pay to Tyrrell in his prison. The lady is one of those ideal beings whose notion of love implies an utter disbelief in any wrong committed by the beloved person, while her father still continues to disgust Tyrrell by his selfish desire to purchase safety by the silence and infamy of his friend. This visit, which has been observed by a spy, causes Sir William and Isabel to be brought before Colonel Boswell, in the fourth act. The Colonel is not very severe; he simply wants to marry the lady and pocket her fortune, and—as many tyrants have done before him—offers Tyrrell's release as the price of her hand. Isabel is naturally indignant. She would rather have her lover hanged, and revel in his memory, than she would prove unfaithful. A hint from her father that he himself is really the treasonable correspondent shakes this virtuous resolution, and she now intends to be compliant; but no sooner does Sir Herbert, whom Boswell has sent for, enter the room than she forgets all minor considerations and rushes into his arms. Here is a new embarrassment, when the approach of Prince Rupert to the walls of the town changes the disposition of all parties. Sir William, for a reason afterwards explained, persuades Boswell to release Tyrrell, on condition that, if he does not come back on the following noon, he shall yield all pretensions to Isabel's hand, and Isabel and Herbert consent to the arrangement. The Colonel, who has so willingly entered into the scheme sees plainly enough that the other contracting parties expect great things from the arrival of Prince Rupert before the noon in question; but no sooner is Herbert out of the way than he shows a letter from the Prince, stating that he will not enter Newark for three days; whereupon the lady immediately faints away, and brings the fourth act to its conclusion.

In the last act the virtuous persons are all made happy after several hairbreadth escapes from utter wretchedness. First, the clock will strike twelve at noon, and no Herbert come, so that the villanous Colonel insists on the performance of the contract. Then, when Herbert does come, and explains that Boswell is the real traitor, and that Sir William is an honest old Royalist, who only held treasonable letters because he intercepted them, and all appears right, the vile Colonel, in the exuberance of his malice, tries to prevail on his soldiers to fire on Tyrrell before the Prince arrives, and the execution of the order is only prevented by the devotion of the lady. She flings herself into her lover's arms; but, at last, the great door flies auspiciously open, Prince Rupert, as a *Deus ex machina*, comes in with his retinue of soldiers, the lovers and Sir William are made happy, and Boswell is led off to his trial, about the issue of which no one has the slightest doubt.

In the construction of this play Mr. Lovell has shown the

same sort of talent which he exhibited in his earlier and very popular work the *Wife's Secret*. No one is better master of the art of dramatic story-telling than Mr. Lovell, or uses the elements of surprise with more felicity. The general bearing and purpose of his plot, almost its final solution, he shows in the earlier acts, but still in the course of his piece he always contrives that a succession of knots shall arise, and exhibits the greatest ingenuity in untying them. Everybody foresees that the virtuous will be rewarded and the wicked punished; but how this lady will escape being married, or that gentleman will escape being shot at a certain particular moment, are questions that constantly excite curiosity. Mr. Lovell's outline is simple, but his means for effect are detailed, and he never scruples at the employment of accident, such as the shooting the pigeon, and the upsetting of the table, as expedients to bring about a desired result.

The language of this new piece is poetical, and indeed rather surcharged with metaphor, some passages being above the ordinary level of dramatic poetry. Thus the enumeration of the changes that may take place in a single minute, put into the mouth of Isabel, and the contrast between showy honour and self-abusing conscientiousness which Herbert illustrates by a comparison between a sparkling cataract and fertilizing pool, form the subject of excellent speeches, that might worthily find a place in a book of "beauties." In the creation of real, fresh, tangible, original characters, Mr. Lovell does not greatly shine; his chivalric lover, his devoted maiden, his pert good-hearted *soubrette*, are all after long-established models, but still they are skilful instruments for his purpose, and such as practised actors well know how to wield.

Nothing has been left undone by Mr. Kean to render the *Trial of Love* as efficient as possible. His own histrionic talent is devoted to the embodiment of Sir Herbert Tyrrel, who by his high spirit, his intense suffering, and his ultimate triumph, stands forth as one of those *preux chevaliers* whom any audience must applaud. Then there is Mrs. Kean, as the gentle persuasive being, whose persuasion is the weapon of conquest, and the towering spirit of defiance when the adversary is not to be soothed but awed. All the means of effect that are offered in the two principal characters seem to have been profoundly studied by the two accomplished tragedians, and they do not miss a single opportunity of attacking the feelings of their audience. Weakly acted, the parts would be weak, but they acquire strength from the discernment and force of Mr. and Mrs. Kean. Sir William Grey, whose characteristic is rather quiet affection than violent emotion, was acted with a great deal of taste and judgment by Mr. Graham, who formerly played at Sadler's Wells, but whom we do not recollect to have seen in a part so prominent. Margaretta, the pert waitingmaid, is acted with much point and confidence by Miss Marshall, who especially delights in tormenting an old sinner—a compound of miser and spy, played by Mr. Meadows. These two characters bear a strong resemblance to the maidservant and the steward in the *Wife's Secret*. The scenes, showing the interior of the old English town, with the costumes and the arrangement and movement of the subordinate groups, all evince that perfect knowledge of stage management by which the Princess's Theatre is so honourably distinguished.

The house was crowded in every part.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean took their benefit on Monday night, when the new play of the *Trial of Love* was performed, and was followed by a still newer drama, entitled *The Vampyre*. The house was crowded in every part. Her

Majesty and Prince Albert honoured the theatre with their presence, and the compliment of bouquets was awarded to the beneficiaries.

The chief characteristic of Mr. Kean's management of the Princess's Theatre is the care and taste which he has exhibited in the production of his pieces. That perfection of decorative art which many managers have applied now and then, he has applied always, and whatever the piece produced, it has never been done in a slovenly manner. The present age, as far as theatricals are concerned, may be called the age of decoration, and its peculiarity has probably reached its culminating point in the Princess's Theatre. We do not talk of fairy spectacles, for there Mr. Beverley reigns supreme, but we allude to the manner in which grand historical plays are brought out with all their accessories of scenery and costume. *King John*, for instance, as produced a few months ago, will stand as a monument of its kind.

We must regret that while such progress has been made in the art of presenting dramatic works to the public, there should be a complete standstill in the poetical drama as a branch of literature. We have still several wits who shine in comic dramatic prose, but turn our eyes in what direction we may, we can only come to the conclusion that the drama as a poetical art is all but lost. The carving and gilding of the frame have come more exquisite, but the picture it has adorned has generally been indifferent. Few men who can gain eminence in any other branch of literature have recourse to dramatic writing, and even those who have made some figure in it sink away as soon as they find a new opening for their talents. The laurels gained on the stage are so transient in their nature that they fade almost as soon as they have reached the brow of the author. To gain a round of applause for a single night, to occupy a playbill for a few weeks, and then to repose till some turn of fortune shall bring another prize of equal dimensions, seems to be all that a dramatic author expects in the relations between himself and the public. In modern days audiences go to the theatre simply to be amused, just as they would go to see a phantasmagoria, and their applause conveys no verdict that can be acceptable to a man of intellect. It simply denotes that for an hour or two they have been kept in a certain state of excitement, and it is often inconsistent with itself. We have no doubt that on many occasions when we have reported the "thunders of applause" that have accompanied the first production of a work, and the visitor on a subsequent night has found a chilly, thin assemblage, chary of its approbation, this visitor has imagined the recorded success has existed less in fact than in our own imaginations. But the reverse has been the case. We read that in former times a triumphant first night was a victory gained. In the present day the bouquet of the Monday may but augur the empty bench of the Saturday.

The fact is not so much that "friends" go to a theatre on certain critical occasions, for these would seldom bear up against the general voice of a house; but the persons who attend a theatre on the first night of a new play take with them a far less amount of judgment than they would bring to bear upon a book, a picture, or a statue. Let any student of humanity observe the hearty roar of laughter that will be excited by a very small joke spoken on the stage, and the applause which will reward some exaggerated expression of sentiment, and ask himself whether any parallel result would be obtained from the reader of a novel or a magazine tale. It is no wonder that the magnates of literature are frightened away from the stage, when the highest honours—such as they

are—are gained by means they would not condescend to use. Have we enlarged our psychological knowledge through the dramatist's personal experience—have we seen any type of actual or ideal humanity?—have we seen the personages of history grouped together, so as to give a significant visibility of the past? These are questions which are never asked by the ordinary class of playgoers. Have we been amused, is all they ask, and they ask it in the same sense as if they questioned themselves after a display of fireworks.

The state of the modern theatrical *répertoire* will show the working of the present system. When we remind the reader that we exclude the comic prose drama and the unpretending melodrama from our consideration, we are not greatly in fear of contradiction, when we say that not a single piece retaining, or likely to retain possession of the stage, has been produced since the *Wife's Secret*, which was brought out in 1847. There have been many, perhaps too many, transient successes since that date, but there is not one permanent addition to our *répertoire*. Going further back to seek a penultimate, we shall not find our steps arrested till we come to Mr. Marston's *Patrician's Daughter*, which was certainly the embodiment of a new idea, and after passing that point we may go on retrograding in peace till we come to Sir E. B. Lytton's *Richelieu*. The even brilliant triumph that attended the production of the last novelty—*The Trial of Love*—we have already recorded, and while the gloss is upon it it is likely enough to have a "run." But we very much doubt whether it will flourish three years hence. Some passages of the poetry rise above the level of *The Wife's Secret*, but the means employed to obtain success are much the same, and when two works are so exactly similar we rarely find the second so fortunate as the first.

The chief reform that is needed in audiences and critics (for the latter will often be more or less influenced by the former) would be effected by a determination to judge of theatrical productions by some other standard than that of stage conventionality. The course of literature has accumulated a large *répertoire* of old dramas, from which an expression may be found for almost every position incident to humanity. Love, hatred, jealousy, ambition—what you will—can be portrayed by a ready writer, without the slightest knowledge of actual nature, or without more imagination than is requisite to reproduce a metaphor—merely by the possession of a store of stage experience. Hence through a series of years has arisen a sort of spurious human nature peculiar to the stage, and scarcely at all modified by the changes in life outside the theatre walls. The conventions that exist in this imaginary world were laid down in the midst of circumstances that no longer exist, and the portraits that in the first instance were real, because they were drawn from nature or from creative imagination, cease to be so altogether when they become portraits from other portraits. Nor is the spirit of convention confined to one side of the lamps. The audience are as much imbued with it as the dramatic writers. The rule of comparison by which they judge any transaction in life, or even any incident in a novel, is laid aside. They will honour a hero for expressions which, anywhere but on the stage, would suggest the notion of a strait jacket, and they will regard a valet or an abigail as entitled to their esteem for a pert recklessness, which, if it figured in their own domicile, would earn nothing but a month's warning.

If the same persons who go to the English theatres likewise attend the representations by the German company,

they may so far benefit by their visits that they will find the chain of tradition suddenly snapped. We do not for a moment mean to hold up the immovabilities of Goethe or the abstractions of Schiller, as models for imitations. The only existing model is the French drama, and that is only a model so far as construction is concerned, for the filling up must be very different from the Gallic, if a real unsophisticated English audience is to be addressed. But the German plays show certain means of success that differ from our own conventionalities, and which not only answered their purpose, but secured a permanent place in literature. Goethe's *Egmont* is woefully devoid of action; but where in any of our dramas, since the Elizabethan days, do we find the same ability to represent a number of real personages, and the same evidence of a feeling for historical relations, even though the author allows himself to modify facts? Schiller's *Karlos* and *Kabaler* are full of monstrosities, but where do we find monstrosities of equal power in our own modern *répertoire*? It is wholesome to listen to these authors, who had no great practice in dramatic art, precisely on that account. We at any rate perceive the scintillations of mind, which we know afterwards obtained an immortality. Let it be distinctly understood, that in our strictures on the English poetical drama we are not pointing to this or that work, or even this or that dramatic year. The whole thing has declined, the acting drama has become little more than the expression of stage conventionality, and a thorough revolution of some sort is required. The conventional drama has been drained to the very dregs, and to have a new living dramatic literature we must begin from a new beginning.

Some critics, who have wished to take a high ground with respect to the drama, have been especially severe on pieces of the *Corsican Brothers* school. We doubt whether they have hit the right nail on the head. The *Corsican Brothers* pretended to excite the shudder produced by a ghost story, and as the ghost-effects were well managed, it answered its purpose. They were at any rate new of their kind; the ghostly personages were not a whit more unreal than the chevaliers, gallant peasants, nobles, knights, and what not, who so often in modern plays pretend to represent humanity, and the sympathy between the brothers gave something like a poetical tone to the whole. A melodrama, in which an idea is definitely worked out, is, after all, if well managed, a very respectable affair.

We wish we could extend this praise to the new melodrama of *The Vampire*, in which a superstition, not unfamiliar to the stage, is worked up after a fashion recently attempted at Paris. The circumstance that a gentleman preserves his long life by sucking a young lady's blood once every hundred years, is of itself not very pleasing, but as we tolerated that Eastern notion thirty years ago, when it was represented as indigenous to the Highlands of Scotland, we do not see that we have any right to be squeamish now when it is located in Wales. Waving, then, all dislike to the Vampire's constitutional propensities, we rest our objection to the modern treatment on the want of development which is its result. The play is cut into three "dramas"—as the acts are oddly named—which are separated from each other by intervals of an hundred years, so that the story extends from 1660 to 1860, *i. e.*, eight years hence; but the functions performed by the Vampire, and his manner of performing them, remain so precisely the same, that the fate of Alice, who becomes his victim in 1760, is almost the same as that of Lucy, who perishes in 1660, and the end of Ada, in 1860,

would be the same, again did not the ghosts of Alice and Lucy burst from their tombs and protect their young relative. In the way of scenery, everything has been done for the piece, and the complete change of costume, and the aspects of a Welsh village, produce an agreeable variety. The effect of laying the deceased Vampire on a moonlit mountain—a warning dream of Alice, in which she beholds Lucy and other ancestors step from their portrait frames on the stage, and the rising of the two ghosts at the end, after the *Robert le Diable* fashion, are all admirably contrived. But in spite of accessories, the piece suffers from its plan; the characters being different in each act, with the single exception of the Vampire himself, are all slight and imperfectly developed, so that there is no concentrating point of interest. Thus the accumulation of horrors, which is pretty thick, becomes somewhat wearisome in the long run, and several of the audience evinced displeasure when the shroud-clad Lucy and Alice showed their grim figures in the moonlight. The only scene really worthy the pen of Bourcicault, who is, after all, one of the best of our modern comic writers, is a scene between a lawyer and an old lady, in the "1860" act, when they discover by certain documents, that a mesmeric gentleman, stopping at their house is the same as the unpleasant member of the Raby family who turned Vampire 200 years before. The lawyer was capably played by Mr. Harley, and the terror of the couple was amusing enough.

The success of Mr. Bourcicault as an actor—for he made his *début* as the Vampire—was far more unequivocal than that of the piece. The attitudes were well studied, the chilly aspect, was carefully made up, and the few words of dialogue were judiciously spoken, so that throughout the whole piece he fully preserved his supernatural distinctiveness. He was generally called at the fall of the curtain.

ROYAL MARIONETTE THEATRE.—The audiences at this theatre increase nightly, and the entertainments are as amusing as ever. During the week numbers of the aristocracy have visited the Marionettes, among them we can name the Duchess of Sutherland, the Marchioness of Kildare, the Earl Grosvenor, accompanied by Lady Constance Grosvenor, Lords Frederick, Albert, and Ronald Leveson Gower, and many others too numerous to mention.

Mdlle. ANICHINI'S CONCERT.

(From the Times.)

THE annual morning concert of Mdlle. Anichini took place at Granard Lodge, Roehampton, the residence of Lady Vassal Webster. It was announced originally for the 31st of May, but, owing to the prevalence of unfavourable weather, was postponed till Monday, the 14th inst. The elements, however, were still unpropitious, and the usual attractions of the promenade and military music in the gardens during the intervals of the performance were, perforce, abandoned. The band of the 1st Life Guards was in attendance; but, unable to encounter the weather, was compelled to remain in the house and play in the lobbies during the entry and departure of the company. In spite of the rain, however, there was a numerous attendance of persons of the highest fashion, and the rooms on the ground floor were completely crowded. The programme was varied and excellent. Mdlle. Anichini, whose high attainments as a vocalist are generally known and acknowledged in musical circles, sang two solos in very opposite styles: Gluck's "Che farò," and a popular Tuscan air, by Gordigiani. She entered thoroughly into the feeling

of the beautiful air from *Orfeo*, and imparted to the lighter melody of the Italian its appropriate life and character. She was entirely successful in both. Mdlle. Anichini also took part in the duets: "Arturo si è desso," from *I Puritani*, with Mr. Swift, and "La ci darem," with Signor Ferlotti, besides joining Madame Falconi, Signors Gardoni and Ciabatta, in Costa's quartett, "Ecco quel fiero istante." The first appearance of Madame Eliza Taccani Comtesse Tasca was an event which lent considerable interest to the programme. The name of Madame Taccani Tasca, although of late years she has rarely come forward in public, is familiar to the musical world as that of a singer of European fame. She belongs to the true Italian school, now rapidly going out of date, and vocalises with equal facility and taste. The freshness of her voice has, in a great measure, departed, but its remarkable flexibility, and the grace and finish of her execution, cannot fail to charm. She sang "Una voce poco fa," and Rode's *Air varié*, in both of which she displayed her accomplishments to great advantage, creating an evident sensation. The rondo "Non piu mesta," by Mdlle. Angri, and Hummel's *Tyrolienne*, with variations by Madame Bockholtz Falconi, were both first-rate performances; and the two ladies together were not less admired for the skilful manner in which they sang the duet, "Quis est homo," from Rossini's *Stabat*. Campana's air, "M'appar sulla tomba," by Signor Gardoni, and Mendelssohn's beautiful ballad, "The Garland," by Swift, were also deservedly successful. An air from Donizetti's *Il Furioso*, by Signor Ferlotti, and Rossini's duet "I Marinari," by Mr. Swift and Signor Ciabatta, completed the vocal performances, which were ably accompanied on the pianoforte by Signors Schira, Vera, and Pinsuti. There was only one instrumental soloist—M. Emile Prudent, who executed on the pianoforte, with the elegance and faultless mechanism that invariably distinguish his performances, two of his most popular *morceaux*, the *fantasia* on *Sonnambula*, and the brilliant *étude* entitled *Le Reveil des Fées*. The latter, one of the most original and effective pieces in the modern *repertoire* of the piano, was listened to with not less curiosity than pleasure. The concert, which terminated with the *preghiera* from *Mosè*, afforded the highest satisfaction to all present; and, although nothing was presented according to the actual order of the printed programme, everything advertised was performed—which cannot often be said of entertainments of this description.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS' CONCERTS.

THE third and last of these classical performances took place on Wednesday evening, at the Hanover Rooms. There was a crowded and brilliant audience. Mr. Richards has done much to persuade the aristocratic *dilettanti* that good music, or, as it is called, classical music, is not an absolute bore, but, on the contrary, if listened to with attention, is more interesting and, indeed, more exciting than that which by some strange means, has obtained the *soubriquet* of "romantic."

The programme on the present occasion, as on the two former, was entirely made up of good music. The concert began with an admirable performance of Beethoven's first Trio in G, op. 1, by the concert-giver in conjunction with Messrs. Sivori and Piatti. This was followed by the same composer's "Adelaide," sung by Mr. Swift with much feeling and taste. Equally good was Miss Dolby's delivery of Stradella's old air, "O del mio dolce." Then came Mr.

Brinley Richards' first set of contributions—a real string of gems—consisting of a short piece entitled, "A Moonlight Serenade;" one of Mendelssohn's Spring songs, brilliantly arranged for the piano solo; the romance entitled "Lullaby," from Macfarren's Lyrics, No. 2; and Chopin's study on the black keys, in G flat, all of which were played with the utmost grace and facility, and greatly applauded.

Miss Birch next came with the cavatina, "Com' e bello," from *Lucresia Borgia*, which she sang in a brilliant manner, and with faultless intonation.

The "Tema con Variazioni," for pianoforte and violoncello, one of Mendelssohn's most chaste and beautiful compositions, was chaste performed by Mr. Brinley Richards and Signor Piatti, the tone of the celebrated violoncellist showing itself more than ever in its unrivalled purity and sweetness.

Mlle. Jetty Treffz once more, in two of Mendelssohn's *lieder*, proved herself without an equal in the interpretation of this species of music. The first, the plaintive melody in E sharp minor, was sung with exquisite feeling, and rapturously encored. A more perfect specimen of ballad singing has rarely been heard in a concert room. The next, a lively Spring Song, in E, made a grateful contrast to the melancholy air which preceded it, was equally well sung, and equally delighted the audience. Jetty Treffz was never more herself, never more modest and retiring, and never more completely fascinated her hearers.

Mr. Brinley Richards' second batch of contributions was not less interesting than his first. It included Ferdinand Hiller's masterly study in D flat major; Mendelssohn's flowing song without words, in A flat (duet), book 3; and Stephen Heller's brilliant and sparkling Caprice, or Schubert's "Song of the Trout," which were executed by the concert-giver with more than his usual dashing energy, and the last was followed by plaudits, vehement and various.

The "Rose," a MS. song, by Mr. Brinley Richards, a sweet and flowing tune, of the sentimental cast, was warbled by Miss Dolby with her accustomed excellence. Song and singer touched the heart of the audience, and a unanimous encore was followed by a repetition of the song.

To Henry Smart's *terzettó*, "How lovely are thy dwellings," might be addressed the expression, "How lovely are thy phrases;" to the singers, Miss Birch, Madame Macfarren, and Miss Dolby, "How well you sang it;" and to the composer who accompanied it, "How well you played it." It was a hit, and no mistake.

The first part ended brilliantly with Mendelssohn's posthumous duet, in A, entitled "Allegro Brillante," (op. 2), performed in a masterly and rarely brilliant style by Mr. Brinley Richards and Miss Arabella Goddard, the youngest and most promising of all the English pianists, male or female (not to mention the foreigners, who, perhaps, might not come off so well in the comparison). Miss Arabella Goddard took the first part, gallantly forbidding Mr. Richards taking the van when a lady was in question, and that a young lady, and not an ill-looking. The duet was enthusiastically applauded.

Into the details of the second part we must forbear entering minutely, time pressing and space squeezing. It began with a sonata in A major of Mozart, for piano and violin, performed by the concert-giver and M. Sainton, the same which was so admirably performed at the former concert. The performance was no less successful on the present occasion.

Madame Macfarren's singing of her husband's ballad, "Ellen Adair," was as remarkable as ever for truthfulness of expression.

Mr. Brinley Richards' third solo batch consisted of the velocitous and almost impossible "Con Moto" in A, of Mendelssohn's Seven Characteristic Pieces, or, as they are called in the English edition, "Temperaments," which the pianist executed at the indicated speed and temperament.

"Schnell und beweglich," followed by a Romance and a *Morceau de Concert* of his own, respectively entitled, "A Vision," and "La Preciosa," two bijoux, particularly graceful, especially addressed to lady pianists, with which Mr. Richards' audience were so well pleased that they would not be satisfied but with a repetition of both.

Of the duet, "Dolce Conforto," from *Il Giuramento*, charmingly sung by Miss Birch and her charming and rapidly progressing sister, Eliza, of Signor Bottesini's new solo for the contra-basso, in which wonders were as nothing; of Mozart's "Forget me not," in German, and Ferdinand Hiller's spiritual song, "Beware," in English, both sung to perfection by Jetty Treffz; and, lastly, of the duet concertante for cello and basso, for Piatti and Bottesini, in which wonders were not merely as nothing, but, as it were, multiplied into infinite impracticabilities surmounted with impracticable facility, we have said all we have space to say in cataloguing their names in the order of their occurrence.

The conductors were Messrs. G. A. Osborne and Aguilar, both accomplished and able musicians. Mr. Richards played on a magnificent Broadwood, a splendid specimen of our English school of manufacture.

In conclusion, we have to congratulate Mr. Brinley Richards on the spirited and enterprising manner in which he has, up to the present time, conducted his annual series of concerts, which, from the classic tone at which they aim, and the support they have already received in certain quarters, must be pronounced among the most influential and beneficial of entertainments submitted to the London fashionable public. Of their continued success no doubt can be entertained. Mr. Brinley Richards has, perhaps, done more than any concert-giver of the present day to render classic music acceptable to the aristocracy, a large circle of which his performances never fail to attract. Such is the influence of talent combined with zeal and judgment.

Foreign.

NEW YORK.—James Gordon Bennett, Esq.—Dear Sir,—I cannot resist the temptation to express to yourself and the readers of your valuable paper, the intense pleasure which I experienced last Friday evening, in being permitted to listen to the opera of the *Enchantress*, which was so magnificently produced at Niblo's; but I must premise a little by saying to those who look upon this article as coming from an interested person, that the writer of it is personally a stranger to any and all who are concerned in its production, and the sole object of which is to have the merit so strongly possessed by the charming Anna Thillon and talented company, meet with its just reward, as also to urge upon those who did not hear her that night, to see well they lose not another such opportunity. Everybody, I am sure, must have heard the "Pirate's Chorus," which is played so beautifully by Dodworth; yet, if they wish to hear it in all its sublimity and grandeur, with the additional effect of a fine orchestra and scenic display never before brought forward in

this or any other city, let them, as I remarked before, lose not another opportunity. With regard to this latter, it certainly would not betoken the mind of a visionary to doubt if the scenery was ever before equalled, and certainly never surpassed; the last one particularly, where the "pale moonbeams' silvery light" is here so beautifully shown, the ship in the offing, the rolling waves of the sea; while the distant chorus of "Ever be happy," is heard with an effect which alone would give the appearance, if not the name of enchantment; while the sybil's cave would make you think the beautiful Titania herself, with her *congeni* of Puck, Peas Blossom, &c., stood before you. Of all the English operas produced here this is *premier*, and here too it is the justly eminent Anna Thillon takes her stand above all others: the effect of her sweet voice and charming expression of manner should certainly give her the name of "Enchantress." Never was gratification so intense as that with which we listened to this distinguished songstress, but it was occasionally alloyed by the recollection that she was soon to leave us. May she "ever be happy" wherever her lot in life be cast, will be the earnest wish of all who have heard her.—*New York Herald*.

Original Correspondence.

CHURCH ORGANISTS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

June 14th, 1852.

SIR,—I beg to trouble you with a few remarks on the present unsettled position of our Church organists, and should they be deemed worthy of a place in the *MUSICAL WORLD*, you are welcome to insert them. Though you may be aware of the fact, the majority of your readers are not, that there is no Act of Parliament to render an organist's situation or salary secure to him; that, if holding an appointment at a parish church, he is, according to the custom of many parishes, re-elected every Easter Tuesday, at its annual vestry, when any parishioner has the privilege of either opposing his re-election, or proposing a reduction of his salary, if he thinks the organist has too much, which rarely exceeds £50 per annum, and is more frequently only £30, even in churches where he has to attend three services on a Sunday, and probably an evening service during the week. As this functionary has to pass through a course of study occupying the same length of time as a clergyman, *why*—so long as he conducts himself properly, affording his enemies no just cause of complaint—he should be so badly paid at parish churches, where the rector or vicar's stipend is frequently from £800 to a £1000 or £1500 per annum, is a piece of injustice which natural instinct enables the most illiterate to understand; but as to the *wherefore* it should be so, is hard to make out. It has been proved of late, in churches where the music has been better than ordinary, that the pews have been filled where the minister was of only second-rate abilities; and if an organ is to be used, and cannot be dispensed with in a church where the singing of God's praise is sustained by a few charity children, and they singing by ear the melody only, surely the organist, who generally instructs them, ought to obtain a fair salary, and also retain his appointment so long as he maintained a regular course of good conduct; that finding it rested with himself to retain his appointment and salary, he would feel himself stimulated to do his best.

If the musical portion of the established church service be of any importance, why do not the Bishops take the necessary steps to secure it by an Act of Parliament? especially at this period, when the Church is surrounded with enemies—Romanists and Dissenters—who have in some instances, within the last six years, caused the parish organist's salary to be stopped, and placed him on the *tender* and *considerate* congregation. I could name a few cases of organists recently having been dismissed through the caprice of the *charitable* and Christian minister, without any fault

having been found with them by the congregation; and others, of situations in the country being advertised where the stipend offered as an inducement to London professors, was only £15 or £20 per annum. Fearing I have already trespassed too much on your time, I beg to subscribe myself,

Yours, &c.,

MUSICOLO.

Reviews of Music.

"HONEYSUCKLE POLKA;" "LA PLAINTÉ;" "Valse CUPIDON."
C. DE BARRY. Duff and Hodgson.

It is not often we have to call attention to new dance music on any other ground than that of its utility and pleasing qualities. The two dance pieces before us are not merely pleasing and useful, but they are also original. The "Honeysuckle" is a charming polka, fresh in tune and sparkling; and the "Valse Cupidon" is veritably exciting and inviting, and would tempt the solemn feet of Eremita, or Sir Podagra himself from his cushioned and easy chair to enjoy the exhilarations proffered by its delights. "La Plainte" is a charming romanza, written with great taste and expression. We recommend these pieces unhesitatingly.

"CHANT MAGYAR," pour Piano, par Ferdinand Praeger, dedicated to the Hon. Mrs. Byron. (Addison.) Op. 80.

The number of the Opus proves the popularity of this composer, to which the piece before us will add considerably.

Whether we regard the characteristic freshness and originality of the subjects or effective brilliancy, not requiring however any unusual execution, we find the above assertion warranted. We must particularly notice the episode in F sharp minor as remarkable for novel effect; the repeated crescendo with the octaves in the bass strikes us as quite new, the pp. passage in the same key is charmingly soothing. We heartily recommend this piece as worthy of the musician's attention for teaching.

MADAME VERDAVAINNE'S CONCERT.

The annual concert of this favourite pianiste was given in the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, on Thursday morning. It commenced with the first movement of Onslow's quartet, for two violins, viola, violoncello, and contra basso, by Messrs. H. Blagrove, Clementi, R. Blagrove, Aylward, and Charles Severn, and was given with excellent effect. Miss Lascelles received much applause from the manner she sang the popular song "Nobil Signor," as she also did in Rossini's duet, with Mr. F. Bodda. Miss Ursula Barclay sang Walter Maynard's ballad "Rose of my heart," with much sweetness of voice, and Made. Lemaire was excellent in "Il gondoliere." Beethoven's grand sonata (dedicated to Kreutzer), for pianoforte and violin, was given by Madame Verdavainne and Mr. Blagrove in so musicianlike a manner as to call forth general and well deserved applause.

The second part commenced with a sextuor, by Bertini, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, violoncello, and double bass, by Madame Verdavainne, Messrs. H. Blagrove, Clementi, R. Blagrove, Aylward, and Charles Severn, which had ample justice done to it, but our limits will not allow us to give a detailed account of the excellent way in which the different movements were played; suffice it to say, that they all received general applause. Madame Clara Novello sang Schimon's recitative and romanza, "Lidi Amati," in her most delightful manner; but in Bellini's cavatina, "Come per me," the audience were with difficulty satisfied without an encore. Madame Verdavainne played the grand fantasia of Thalberg, from "Don Pasquale," in her most happy style, and received the loud, deserved, and unanimous congratulations of her numerous friends.

The romance, "Fille des Mers," sang by Madame Lemaire, with melophone obligato and harp accompaniments, was very highly appreciated. The concert concluded with the second movement of Onslow's quartet, which gave great satisfaction. Mr. Aguilar conducted in his usual effective manner.

The rooms were filled with a very fashionable audience.

Provincial.

MANCHESTER.—THEATRE ROYAL.—The clever children, Kate and Ellen Bateman, appeared on Monday, and again last evening, in two farces,—"The Young Couple," and "The Spoiled Child." The former is well adapted to the talents of both—the latter much less so; the one being written expressly for the children, the other only partially so, and that in reference to a single character only. There is an elegance and finish about "The Young Couple," which is wanted in "The Spoiled Child," and the result is much less satisfactory. In the first we feel the actors to be children—there is not the slightest incongruity, and the whole affair is very pleasant; but when we find one of these little creatures assuming the man, and placed in situations not of the best taste, we must confess that the exhibition was, to our own feelings, not the most agreeable. That the audience thought otherwise, or, at least, the majority of those present, was, however, evident, from the continued roars of laughter throughout, and the calls for the young anatomies at the close of their arduous duties. "Little Pickle" was certainly played with great naïveté by Kate, the taller of the two. She showed a business-like manner, an apparent knowledge of stage affairs, and a natural by-play which we should consider indications of good training or talent in the acting of experienced performers. She danced a hornpipe also in a graceful manner, so much so as to obtain an unmerciful encore. We observe that two new pieces are in rehearsal written expressly for the children, and in these we shall look for the same agreeable pleasantries as in "The Young Couple," which forcibly shows us, when contrasted with adult farce, that in their own natural sphere will they be most appreciated by an English audience.—*Manchester Examiner.*

HALIFAX.—The Halifax Philharmonic Society held their annual meeting, in their rooms, on Tuesday, the 16th of June. The annual accounts were audited, and showed an increase of members, and a satisfactory addition to the general fund. After the business of the evening, the orchestra performed, under their able conductor, Mr. Frobisher, the overture, "Le Carnaval Romain," by Berlioz, and the orchestral parts of his symphony, "Romeo et Juliette;" at the conclusion of which the party passed a convivial and harmonious evening; and it was resolved, at the next meeting, to play Beethoven's Ninth Symphony entire, with chorus.—(*From a Correspondent.*)

DUBLIN.—SEASON PIANOFORTE CONCERTS OF MRS. AND THE MISSES ALLEN'S PUPILS.—At the close of the season Mrs. and the Misses Allen gave two pianoforte concerts, at their Academy, Gardiner's Row. These concerts are sustained by the young ladies under tuition, who are allowed the privilege of bringing their friends to hear the various pieces prepared during the past year. The Academy being strictly private, those are the only occasions upon which visitors are admissible, which must in some measure account for the great interest felt in the two concerts just concluded, when sixty or more young ladies, from the ages of six to eighteen years, gratified their friends by the performance of a choice selection of pianoforte music. The precision and firmness with which the various concerted music was given quite delighted the audience who attended both concerts. To a stranger it seems wonderful how so many young creatures, learning music for an accomplishment, can be brought together at the same time to perform some of the most scientific compositions in concert, and that done in a way that reflected the highest credit, as it brought to mind the effect produced on the ear when hearing the band of the late Strauss; for there was not a word spoken or a note touched until all were started off together at the word given by the conductress, when the various symphonies and overtures, performed upon ten pianofortes, produced in the louder parts the effect of one gigantic instrument. The solo pieces were severally given with that neatness of execution and finish, for which Mrs. and the Misses Allen's pupils are remarkable; and it was very evident that the most careful instruction had been bestowed upon those young ladies, who gave some of the most admired compositions of the present day with the finest feeling, neatest execution, and elegance of style, this latter point being particularly attended to, for the ease with which the most difficult pianoforte compositions were performed, drew forth the well-deserved commendations of a discerning

and highly-fashionable company. The Misses Allen charmed their friends with their chaste performance of Thalberg's duet from Norma, played on two pianos, and Czerny's concertante quartette for four pianos.—*Evening Packet.*

SOUTHAMPTON POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION CONCERT.—The second and last concert, under the management of the Committee of the Institution, took place on Tuesday evening last, at the Victoria Rooms, at which full 700 persons were present. There were in the orchestra instrumental performers and vocalists to the number of 100, but, with very few exceptions, amateurs, and a large proportion but recent learners. That such a body should execute the music and choruses without error would be commendable; that they should do it with precision and effect in addition, is surprising, and that is the least praise they deserve. It is true they had been well drilled by the talented conductor, Mr. Philip Klitz, who by his great skill and exertions carried the concert triumphantly through. The overture to *Zauberflöte* was cleverly played. A madrigal of Morley's followed, and was well sung; and then Mrs. Newton, specially engaged, sang the delightful song of Farmer's, "I'll follow thee," with a power, brilliancy of execution, and sweetness of tone which drew forth immense plaudits. Mr. Meers, a gentleman of the Salisbury Cathedral, also specially engaged, sang Braham's "Death of Nelson," but the selection of a piece which invites the recollection of the critic with that great vocalist, was unfortunate, as he had not the requisite power to give effect to it. His voice, in music adapted to it, is exceedingly rich. The "Chough and Crow" was delightfully sung, the bass very fine. Mrs. Newton sang and was encored in "Do not mingle," in a style worthy of Bellini's music. "See the Conquering Hero" was finely given. The overture to *Fra Diavolo* was executed with great precision. Mrs. Newton sang "Now tramp o'er moss and fell" with immense effect; and "Lo! hear the gentle lark" was another of her triumphs. In the latter she was accompanied by Master Klitz, on the concertina, with the utmost skill, brilliancy, and expression. An encore was enthusiastically called for. We have not space to detail the rest, and close our remarks with a compliment to the admirable labours of Mr. Klitz, who, whether accompanying on the pianoforte, leading on the violin, directing, or cautioning, worked all through the concert with untiring energy and zeal.—*Hampshire Advertiser.*

BECCELES.—A concert of vocal and instrumental music, in aid of the funds of the Beccles Dispensary, was given by the Choral Society in the Assembly Room, on Thursday evening, the 27th ultimo. The following was the programme:—Part 1.—Solo and chorus, "Praise the Lord" (12th Mass), Mozart. Air, "Be thou faithful," (St. Paul) Mendelssohn. Chorus, "Nations" (12th Mass), Mozart. Quartet, "O come every one that thirsteth," (Elijah) Mendelssohn. Solo and chorus, "The Marvellous Works," (Creation) Haydn. Part 2.—Sinfonia (No. 1) Haydn. Glee, "Now the bright morning star," Rev. R. Greville. Ballad, "Down where the blue bells grow," A. Lec. Duet, "Flow gently, Deva," Parry. Glee and chorus, "Spirits, advance," Sir H. R. Bishop. Chorus, "Now tramp o'er moss and fell," Sir H. R. Bishop. Part 3.—Overture "Tancredi" Rossini. Duet, "I love thee," Bishop. Solo and chorus, "The Echo" (as sung by the Berlin Choir), Neithardt. Song, "The White Squall," G. Barker. Glee, "Mynheer Vandunck," Bishop. Madrigal, "Flora gave me fairest flowers," Wilbye. Sturm Marsch Galop. The sum of ten guineas was given to the charity for which the performance was given. The attendance was the largest the society has ever yet had, the room and gallery being quite full. The Beccles Dispensary Society now numbers nearly 100 members, and although they are compelled to have more music to please the multitude than they like, they make it their endeavour to introduce as much music of a sterling character as possible. They still continue to give all their concerts without any professional assistance.

Miscellaneous.

THE MISSES BIRCH'S MATINEE.—The last of the series of the concerts of these vocalists came off at the Beethoven Rooms on Wednesday, the 9th. We have once more to apologise for not

having reached the Rooms until late, a truant disposition and the wet weather retarded our arrival until the beginning of the second part of an excellent selection. But as lady's concerts are like lady's letters, where the best things are always in the postscript, we were soon indemnified for our loss. Kucken's duet, "The hunter," has a quick-hearted feeling of morning and the "merry greenwood" in it. It was sung by the fair *beneficiaires* with a freedom and unity that obtained for it a loud and spontaneous encore. Then followed Miss Eliza Birch with a couple of *Lieder*; the first by Mr. W. S. Bennett, "To Chloe in sickness," is a piece of melodious and impressive declamation, which follows the subject of the verses with an impassioned truth, to which the syren gave the fullest effect. The other song, which was equally well sung, is a light and graceful effusion of *Molique's*; although we should have been glad if the title, "Come, all ye," had given us some better clue to the subject. The two *arias* sung by Miss Dolby were given in her usual style of excellence, and were listened to with the admiration which this lady never fails to excite. Mr. Brinley Richards came next with a triad of pianoforte solos, the best of which were Mendelssohn's Song without Words (in A flat major), and Mr. Richards' "Morceau de Concert." Hiller's etude was taken too slow for its proper effect. Those who love Italian national melodies should go and hear Signor Marras accompany himself in some of these pearls from the land of song. His pure and colloquial style and accent, added to the native warmth of his manner, make his singing resemble a tribute of the memory to the land of his birth. On being encored in his first two songs, he substituted two more, equally good, and now Miss Birch, taking his place at the pianoforte, delivered a new ballad, "Why do I love thee yet," written for her by George Linley. It is the eloquent complaint of a lover to his fair enslaver, and being transfused into musical breath by Miss Birch in her happiest manner, elicited a most unequivocal encore. The song is, in fact, one of the best that has issued from the pen of the popular and prolific writer, and cannot fail of a run of public favour. Mr. Bodda should have exerted his energies on something better than Tadolini's "Se la Vitra," which, however, was well sung. Curschman's trio, "Addio," concluded the concert. The room was as well and fashionably attended as at the Soirées.

MADLE COULON gave her Annual Morning Concert on Friday in the Hanover-square Rooms, which was very fashionably and numerous attended. The concert commenced with Donizetti's Terzetto "Guai se ti sfugge," which was very well sung by Madame Garcia, Mr. Swift, and Signor Ciabatta. Miss Lascelles sang "Nobil Signor" very effectively, and Linley's new ballad, "Therese" with taste and expression; in both she received great applause. Madame E. Garcia sang Rode's aria, "Al dolce canto," with sparkling brilliancy, and received a unanimous encore; she was also much applauded in "La Festa," by Panofka. M. H. Wuille performed a fantasia on the saxophone which received special approbation, and his performance of a fantasia on the clarinet by Bearmann was listened to with great delight, and he received very loud applause. The duet "Li Marinari," was given with good effect by Mr. Swift and Signor Ciabatta. Miss Ursula Barclay, although very nervous apparently, sang Schubert's "L'Addio" in a very pleasing manner. Schubert's grand Trio in E flat, for piano, violin, and violoncello, was played in the most efficient manner by Madlle. Coulon, M. Sainton, and Signor Piatti. Madlle. Coulon excelled herself by the very brilliant way she played Prudent's fantasia (*Lucia*), her execution was clear, distinct, and brilliant—she gave the light passages with great delicacy, and the conclusion with immense force and brilliancy, and received a very loud and general encore. She did not repeat the *Lucia*, but played Le Depart, by Meyer, with much expression and feeling, and again received well merited applause. Mr. Swift sang Frank Mori's new ballad, "Tis only Thee I love," very delightfully, and was encored. Miss Birch sang in her most finished style Ricci's aria, "O Cara," and also very charmingly Linley's new ballad, "Why do I love Thee yet?" Miss Kate Hickson received great applause from the arch and lively manner she sang Donizetti's "In questo semplice;" she also sang Frank Mori's ballad, "Come where sweet-toned Zephyrs," excellently. Mr. Bodda sang "Sulla poppa del mio brik" in his usual manly and

energetic manner, and was much applauded. M. Sainton played a violin solo in the most exquisite and finished style, and received continuous and unanimous applause. The grand duo for violin, cello et contra-basso by Signori Piatti and Bottesini was magnificently played, and received unbounded applause. The concert gave general satisfaction. Signor Bellini and Signor Pilotti conducted very efficiently.

GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—Last Friday Morning, Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland, gave a Grand Morning Concert at Stafford House, to a brilliant assemblage of the aristocracy. The celebrated and now fashionable English Glee and Madrigal Union, Mrs. Endersohn, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. H. Phillips, with their able assistants Mr. T. Young and Mr. H. Barnby, were the party engaged. The perfect manner in which the various glees were executed, astonished the parties present, who acknowledged by unusual demonstrations the pleasure they experienced. It is highly gratifying to find that the Festivals are engaging this Union, a circumstance that will doubtless tend to the spreading wide over Europe this delightful and elegant branch of the divine art of music.

MISS EMMA BUSBY gave her *soirée musicale* in the New Beethoven Rooms, on Friday Evening, which commenced with Beethoven's Trio, in C minor, No. 3, Op. 1, and was played in a very effective manner by Miss Emma Busby, Herr Molique, and Signor Piatti. Mr. Swift sang a song by Dr. Bexfield "Flow on cold rivulet" very charmingly, and he also received much applause in Abt's songs "When the swallows fly towards home," and "Ah! do I love thee" (*Irene*). Miss Emma Busby played with much lightness and delicacy Chopin's *Largo* and *Rondo*, from Op. 58. She also played in a very chaste style with Dr. Bexfield, Mozart's duet, (air and var. in G major), which received general approbation. Madame Mortier sang a canzonetta "O vaga fior" by Marras, and a song from Meyerbeer's *Gli Ugonotti* both of which received applause, as did also the duet from Tancredi, by Madame Mortier and Mr. Swift. Herr Molique produced a great sensation by the exquisite style he played Bach's Fuga and Bourrée for the violin. Beethoven's sonata in F major, Op. 5, for piano and violoncello, was played in a very efficient manner by Miss Emma Busby and Signor Piatti and received general applause. The concert concluded with Mendelssohn's Presto Scherzando, which was performed in a very playful and delicate manner by Miss Emma Busby, who received the unanimous applause of a full and fashionable audience, who listened throughout with the most marked attention. Dr. Bexfield was the conductor.

MR. ROUSSELOT'S BEETHOVEN QUARTETTS.—The last of these delightful evenings took place on Wednesday night last; if want of space has not always allowed us to give an account of them, we trust that our good will to do so has never been questioned. We and all that love good music in the shape of Beethoven's Quartetts, full well know the great merit due to Mr. Rousselet, both for the starting of the enterprise, as well as the energy displayed in keeping it up. When an unfortunate, deeply lamented occurrence, seemed to bring it to an end, hazardous as the undertaking was, in point of view, as a speculation, M. Rousselet has with undaunted firmness and enthusiasm for the good cause worked on, regardless of anything but the first-rate performance of those master works, and given us the opportunity of hearing in their turn all the great violinists that visited this country. On Wednesday last Vieuxtemps took the first desk, and performed two Quartetts one of Beethoven, Op. 18, and Mendelssohn's, Op. 44, with such masterly perfection, that the enthusiasm of the audience became boisterous, since it must be noticed, that Vieuxtemps has brought fire, energy and tenderness from the icy capital of Russia, qualities which were not developed to that degree, when he was last amongst us; his performance of Bach's *Ciaccona* was the most perfect performance imaginable; the phrasing of it something wonderful; it made us fairly weep with delight. Madlle. Vieuxtemps accompanied it only as a first-rate musician could. Madlle. Moulin (from Paris) executed Beethoven's sonata for the piano, Op. 110, with remarkable energy; she took the first part a little too fast, and did not enter entirely into the vague, dreamy character of it; but she did full justice to the fugue, and

gained much applause. We regret that those agreeable evenings have come to an end, and wish them heartily success for the next year. Nor can we part from them without specially noticing the kind and generous attention bestowed by Mr. Rousselot on the comfort of the musicians and gentlemen of the press.

THE MESSRS. BINFIELD's fourth and last Recitation was given at Willis's Rooms, on Thursday morning, in presence of a select audience. The entire programme was allotted to members of the Binfield family, of whom six assisted at the concert. Mr. W. Binfield was the vocalist; Mr. W. R. Binfield, pianist; Mr. H. Binfield, harpist; Miss Margaret Binfield, concertinist; Master Augustus Binfield, second pianist; Miss Louisa Binfield, second harpist. A duo for concertina and piano was followed by a new cavatina, sung by Mr. W. B., with accompaniments for harp, concertina, and piano; succeeded by a harp solo, by Mr. H. B.; after which an Italian aria was well given by Mr. W. B., when a concertina fantasia admirably played by Miss M. Binfield, and a concerto of Chopin's, executed with great spirit by Mr. W. R. B., closed the first part. Of the second part the most interesting feature was solos for piano (Schubert's Serenade and Chopin's Scherzo) played by Mr. W. R. B., with great delicacy and feeling. Altogether the concert was of a most agreeable character, and must have afforded no small pleasure to the numerous admirers of the Binfield family who were present.

MR. WIGNER'S CONCERT.—This gentleman, a pianist of reputation, and an excellent teacher, gave a selection of music, on Friday the 11th, at the Eyre Arms, St. John's Wood. The room—a large and commodious one—was quite full. The season is now at high pressure, and we have space only to name the vocalists and leading features of the concert, which was opened with Kucken's duet, "The Hunter," delivered by the Misses Birch with their accustomed grace and unity of feeling. Miss Eliza Birch was encored in "The tear," by the same writer; and her sister's beautiful voice was again heard to perfection in Storch's song, "Alone." Miss Messent was encored in "Tell me my heart," and also (with Miss Ransford) in Glover's comic duet, "The cousins." A harp solo, by Mr. Fred. Chatterton, was re-demanded. Mr. George Tedder was loudly applauded in "Night's pale brow;" and Mr. T. Williams gave Fesca's song, "The wanderer," with equal approbation. Miss Alleyne sang two songs with her intuitive brilliancy of style. This lady's laurels are bright and fresh, and Nature, moreover, has given her a fair brow to enwreathen them on. Miss Lascelles is confirming the favourable impression she has already made on the public. She sang Meyerbeer's "Nobil Signor" with much dramatic effect, and was equally successful in Cimarosa's trio, "My Lady the Countess," which she gave with Miss Ransford and Miss Messent. Miss Mary Rose, a youthful pupil, we believe, of the Royal Academy, is a budding rose of promise, with a fresh mezzo-soprano voice, and sang two songs with great taste and feeling. The rest of the performers were Mr. Carte, who played a solo on the prize medal flute; Mad. Lemaire, who was much applauded in an aria of Verdi; Mr. Frazer, Miss Von Esch Taylor, and Miss Gibb, who all elicited the approbation of the audience. We must not omit Mr. George Case, who played a solo on the concertina; and Mr. Wigney, who was welcomed by the audience on taking his seat at the pianoforte, and played a fantasia with considerable effect.

PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOM.—The grand ball given on Thursday night, at the above room, at which the Hungarian Musical Company performed the dance music, went off with *éclat*, although the weather prevented many from attending who would otherwise have visited the entertainment. We understand that Mr. Warriner, the enterprising manager of the Hungarian Company, is likely to take a trip to Paris to introduce the band to our Parisian friends.

MADAME SCHUTZ OLDOSI's morning concert, on Wednesday, attracted a fashionable audience at the rooms of Mr. Coulon, Great Marlborough-street. The pieces were not strictly taken as printed in the programme, and a few were omitted entirely. The instrumentalists were, Signor Maffei (cornet), Mdle. Coulon (pianoforte), Signor Bottesini (contra basso), and Herr Oberthur (harp), with Herren Louis and Frederick Thomas (horns), of the Grand Duke of Darmstadt's band. Bottesini's fantasia was, as usual, an extraordinary performance. Mdle. Coulon, in a solo, by Prudent,

displayed perfect command over the instrument with neat and brilliant finger. She was much applauded. The concert concluded with a MS. trio for two horns and harp, the composition of Herr Oberthur. The horn parts were played by the two above-named gentlemen with much effect, which was considerably heightened by the admirable manner in which Herr Oberthur executed the harp part. The combination of instruments was a novel one, but is highly effective in so good a composition as the "Souvenirs de Darmstadt." Herr Oberthur played also his brilliant and effective Fantasia on air, from Flotow's opera, *Martha*, with his accustomed success. Madame Lemaire rendered an aria from *Ernani* very pleasingly. Signor Gardoni sang twice—an aria, by Donizetti, and a romanza, by Mercadante (much applauded). The greatest attraction was, however, Madame de la Grange, who was encored in Rode's air. It was a perfect specimen of vocalization, producing a thrilling effect by the style of introducing with bell-like purity the notes F and G in alt. Madame de la Grange was rapturously applauded. The fair concert-giver obtained also her due share of approbation, particularly in a German lied by Nicoli, accompanied on the violoncello by Signor Piatti (brother of the Piatti). The concert was concluded by five o'clock, and gave much satisfaction.

MADAME DE LOZANO's morning concert took place on Wednesday. The programme included the names of Madame Garcia, Miss Herrmann, Madame de Lozano, and Herr Staudigl, as vocalists; and as instrumentalists, those of Herr Laub (violin), Herr Kuhe (pianoforte), M. Demunck (violoncello), and M. J. B. Tournour (melophone). Madame de Lozano is well known and highly appreciated as a vocalist, particularly in Spanish songs, some of which she introduced on this occasion, to the great delight of the audience, who highly applauded her in them, as well as in all her other efforts. Madame de Lozano deservedly merited the applause bestowed upon her. The exertions of the other vocalists were also greatly approved of; the same may be said, without mistake, of the instrumentalists, whose names are guarantees for their excellence. The concert gave unmitigated satisfaction to all present. Signor Pilotti was named as the conductor.

MR. FRANK MORI was prevented by serious indisposition from conducting Mr. Blagrove's concert on Thursday week; Madlle. Coulon's on Monday morning; Mr. Wigney's on Friday evening week; and Mr. Rovedino's on Wednesday evening. We are glad to announce that the talented and popular professor and composer is so far recovered as to be enabled to resume his duties, and will conduct Madlle. Claus's concert this morning.

THE ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE (E. Land, Hon. Sec.).—The third concert of the series was given on Thursday morning, on which occasion, in consequence of the indisposition of Miss L. Pyne, Miss Eliza Birch undertook, at a short notice, to supply her place, and greatly distinguished herself by the charming manner in which she sang the various glees. Miss Dolby's beautiful contralto voice was, as usual, very effective. Amongst the most finished specimens of part-singing, we may mention Horsley's beautiful glees, "When the wind blows in the sweet-rose tree," sung by Messrs. Francis, Land, Swift, and Bodda; and the well-known "See the chariot at hand," by Miss Eliza Birch, Miss Dolby, Mr. Land, and Mr. Frank Bodda, both encored. A quaint madrigal, entitled "Who shall win my lady fair?" founded upon an ancient ditty in the library of the British Museum, and arranged by R. L. Pearsall, Esq., of Willsbridge, was enthusiastically re-demanded. The theatre was well attended in every part, several of the nobility occupying the private boxes.

ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—(Mr. H. Phillips, Hon. Sec.)—The second concert took place at Willis's Rooms, on Monday morning last. The vocalists were, Mrs. Endersohn, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Locket, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. H. Phillips, assisted by Mr. T. Young and Mr. H. Barnby. The programme consisted of glees by Smith, Lord Mornington, Calcott, Dr. Arne, Horsley, R. Cooke, Hatton, and Spofforth; a round "To see his face," by Sir Henry Bishop, and a madrigal, by Purcell, "I saw lovely Phillis," all of which were exquisitely rendered by the artists above named.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY, who was so favourably known for his unvarying attention and gentlemanly politeness during the long period he was treasurer at the Strand and Olympic Theatres, is at present treasurer and acting manager at that popular place of amusement, the Marionette Theatre.

LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, NINE ELMS.—This building, the original station of the South-Western Railway when the Terminus was at Vauxhall, is now devoted to musical and scientific purposes. On Friday, June 11th, a selection from Handel's "Messiah" and "Samson" was performed, under the direction of a committee of gentlemen, for the benefit of Mr. Henshaw, late in the employ of the above company, but now a member of the musical profession. We are happy to say that the concert was successful in a pecuniary point of view, and the performance of the music was highly creditable to all parties. Wyndham Harding, Esq., not only gave his patronage to the concert, but supported it in a variety of ways, and, between the parts, addressed the company in an appropriate speech, alluding to the beneficial effects sacred music must have on the morals of the rising generation, and recommended the young persons in the employ of the company to spend a portion of their leisure time in cultivating a knowledge of the science and practice of the art, pointing out, as an example, Mr. Henshaw, who had been engaged in some of the most laborious duties in the company's service, and yet had found time to qualify himself to take one of the principal parts in the evening's performance. Mr. Edwards led the band, which consisted principally of the members of the music class among whom we noticed many promising performers. The chorusses consisted of a number of fine, fresh voices, who took up their parts with a deal of precision. The chorus, "Lift up your heads," was finely rendered. Of the numerous solo singers we have not space to name, but we cannot help making honourable mention of Miss Brown, who sang the difficult but pleasing solo, "Ye men of Gaza," very effectively. W. Williams, Esq., who conducted not only the music but the general arrangements of the concert, with the assistance of the committee, is deserving of the greatest praise, for, we must say, everything was arranged in a most satisfactory manner.—(From a Correspondent)

THE LATE W. H. MURRAY, THE ACTOR.—We are indebted to the *Scotsman* and *Glasgow Citizen* for the following brief remarks on the career and talents of the late Mr. Murray. The former journal says:—"Mr. Murray, having retired in October last from the theatrical management of Edinburgh, transferred his residence to St. Andrew's; but the period during which he was permitted to enjoy that ease which his former arduous and active life had rendered doubly acceptable, was most unexpectedly brief. Though not in very robust health, no anticipations of danger had in any way prepared his friends for the melancholy event they have now to deplore. The Wednesday evening prior to his death he spent with Mrs. and Miss Murray, at the house of a friend, in apparently very good health and spirits. On his way homewards he felt ill, and on reaching his own house a medical man was immediately sent for; but before his arrival Mr. Murray had expired. Mr. Murray's fame was such as but few members of his profession have succeeded in obtaining. We believe that there never was an actor in Scotland who had so large and hearty a circle of admirers. His reputation was rather national than metropolitan: the pleasures of a provincial's visit to Edinburgh were, in fact, incomplete without a night at either the Royal or the Adelphi, to witness one or other of his many admirable performances. And though he had formally retired from the stage, his friends looked hopefully forward to re-appearances which he might be tempted from time to time to make; for he had passed into private life in the full maturity of his powers, his vigour and spirit apparently undiminished, and his always good taste mellowed and made more exquisite by experience. We feel that this is scarcely a fitting time to recur to the artistic triumphs which Mr. Murray achieved in everything he undertook as an actor, or to enumerate even the different kinds of personations in which he excelled. He elevated the most insignificant parts by the pure force of a talent which could at other times rise to the most efficient and admirable development of some of the most difficult characters of Shakspeare. With such a slight tribute to his remarkable powers, we must be content to close what is not intended to be a funeral eulogium on his life, but a simple record of his sudden removal from amongst us."—The *Glasgow Citizen* remarks as follows:—"The son of a London actor, Mr. Murray was brought up from boyhood to that profession in which he ranked so high. For nearly half a century he had been almost

constantly before the public. In a wide range of characters—Major Galbraith, The Minister of Finance, The Country Squire, the little part of William, in *As You Like It*, and many others—he had no equal on the stage. He was a man of great shrewdness and tact, and was for many years reputed the 'prince of managers.' In private he was distinguished by a fine artistic taste. He possessed considerable scholarship, penned elegant verses, sketched well, wrote a small neat hand, and was uniformly dignified and gentlemanly in his demeanour. Although usually grave in his manner, with a frequent air of melancholy, yet he abounded at times in clever and amusing memorabilia of most of the great actors of his time. Like the late Mr. J. H. Alexander, of this city, Mr. Murray had amassed a fortune. Like him, too, he was cut off, almost immediately after retiring into private life to enjoy it. Although, however, Mr. Murray had formally withdrawn from his connection with the Edinburgh theatres, and fixed his residence at St. Andrew's, he continued to appear occasionally on the boards. His starring engagements, we understand, yielded about £500 a year, and the temptation of this comfortable addition to his income, he was unwilling, for the sake of his family, to forego. One of his last public appearances was in Mr. Glover's theatre in this city, when he personated, with extraordinary spirit, his favourite character in *Rob Roy*, in conjunction with the veteran Mackay. Mr. Murray died at the age of 63. His sister, Mrs. Henry Siddons, will be remembered by many as an equally distinguished ornament of the histrionic profession.

MANDANICI.—This well-known and learned Italian musical theorist died recently at Genoa.

FIORINTINO, the *spirituel* and accomplished *feuilletoniste* of the *Constitutionnel*, who has been staying a fortnight in London, returned to Paris on Tuesday.

ROSA KASTNER, the charming young pianist, who made so great a sensation at her recent concert in Willis's Rooms, has returned to her native Germany.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—The Wellington achievements continue to attract audiences as numerous and aristocratic as ever.

ALBERT SMITH continues his ascent of Mont Blanc at the Egyptian Hall. "May his shadow never be less." His "substance" has evidently increased by his exertions.

MOLIQUE.—The MS. Quartet, by Molique, which was played by him with so much satisfaction to his numerous admirers at our third Evening Concert, has been purchased by some of his pupils for publication. Such a token of esteem of pupils towards their instructor is equally honourable to both parties, and will tend to convince our readers that in our notice of the neglectful treatment of this excellent man and learned musician by the Old Philharmonic Society, we did not over-estimate the private character or the public worth of Molique whether as a tutor, composer, or violinist.—*Ellis's Musical Record*.

MUSIC IN THE HOUSE.—But what say you to a piano? Ah! that's the instrument for the house and the home. Would that every household could have one! But pianos are still dear, perhaps because the demand of "the million" for them has not yet set in. We should like to see the inventive genius of the age somewhat directed to this point. The man who shall succeed in inventing an instrument with the musical power and compass of the pianoforte, and which shall, by the moderateness of its price, be placed within the reach of the mass of the people, will confer a benefit and blessing on the homes of England, and provide an instrument of human progress and happiness scarcely to be surpassed by any other that could be named. We have great faith in the humanising power of music, and especially of music in the house and the home. Even in a moral point of view, it is thoroughly harmonising in its influence. To see a family grouped round the pianoforte in an evening, blending their voices together in the strains of Haydn or Mozart, or in the better known and loved melodies of our native land, is a beautiful sight,—a graceful and joyous picture of domestic satisfaction and enjoyment. . . . Our teachers, our temperance reformers, must see it, that the children of the people are taught to sing; parents must have their children taught, and teach them themselves to sing in family chorus; for all agencies ought to be employed in throwing around the home as much of beauty, grace, harmony, and innocent hap-

piness, as may be. And as a means of refining the tastes, softening the manners, diffusing true pleasure, and humanising the great mass of the people, we know of no agency comparable to music,—music in all its forms,—vocal, choral, and instrumental.—*Eliza Cook's Journal*.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. E. B.—Letter has been received, and every thing has been arranged satisfactorily.

Messrs. Mellon, Pratten, and Hausmann's Concert; as also Mr. Osborne's, next week.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC ADAPTED

EXPRESSLY FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

TROIS AIRS ECOSSAIS, with Variations, by C. W. Glover, namely, No. 1, Annie Laurie; No. 2, Auld Lang Syne; No. 3, The Blue Bells of Scotland; price 2s. each.

TROIS AIRS ANGLAIS, with Variations, by C. W. Glover, No. 1, God Save the Queen; No. 2, Rule Britannia; No. 3, British Grenadier March; price 2s. each.

TROIS AIRS IRLANDAIS, with Variations, by C. W. Glover, No. 1, Evelyn's Bower; No. 2, Gramacree; No. 3, a Rose Tree; price 2s. each.

TROIS AIRS ITALIENS, with Variations, by C. W. Glover, No. 1, Nel Silenzio; No. 2, Non v'ha sguardo; No. 3, Ti rin franca; price 2s. each.

THREE FAVOURITE ITALIAN AIRS, "Three favourite Scotch Airs," and a great variety of other pieces by the above admired composer.

BEAUTIES OF ITALY, in 19 numbers, by Albert Keller, 2s. each.

BEAUTIES OF HANDEL, in 18 numbers, by A. Schubert, 2s. each.

LES DELICES DE L'OPERA, in 14 numbers, by T. Valentine, 2s. 6d. each.

LES PETITS VOYAGEURS MUSICALES, 12 very easy rombos, by M. Rovena, price 1s. each.

LES PETITES SEURS, 24 very easy duets on popular airs, by Albert Keller, price 1s. each.

Catalogues, with the pieces progressively classed, may be had gratis.

THE BELLE OF THE WEST WALTZES, by John Pridham, exquisitely illustrated by Brandard; 3s. single, 4s. duet.

THE MAY QUEEN WALTZES, by John Pridham, beautifully illustrated in Chromo by Brandard; 3s. single, 4s. duet.

PETITES PERLES DE L'EXPOSITION, in numbers, beautifully illustrated, No. 1, The Attack; No. 2, The Deliverer; No. 3, The Angler's Polka; price 2s. 6d. each.

LES PETITES PERLES DES SAISONS, in numbers, splendidly illustrated by Brandard in colors, price 2s. 6d. each.

London: LEE & COXHEAD, 48, Albemarle-street.

N.B.—New Editions of "Keller's Pianoforte School," 4s.; and "Farmer's Violin Tutor," 5s.; continuation of ditto, 3s.

Catalogues with full particulars may be had gratis of the publishers.

THE ROAD TO HEALTH.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS!

CURE of a disordered Liver and Bad digestion. Copy of a Letter from Mr. R. W. Kirkus, Chemist, 7, Prescott-street, Liverpool, dated the 6th June, 1851. To Professor Holloway, Sir,—Your Pills and Ointment have stood the highest on our sale list of Proprietary Medicines for some years. A customer to whom I can refer for any enquiries, desires me to let you know the particulars of her case. She had been troubled for years with a disordered liver and bad digestion. On the last occasion, however, the violence of the attack was so alarming, and the inflammation set in so severely, that doubts were entertained of her not being able to bear up under it: fortunately she was induced to try your Pills, and she informs me that after the first, and each succeeding dose, she had great relief. She continues to take them, and although she only used three boxes, she is now in the enjoyment of perfect health. I could have sent you many more cases, but the above, from the severity of the attack, and the speedy cure, I think speaks much in favour of your astonishing Pills. (Signed) R. W. KIRKUS.

These celebrated Pills are wonderfully efficacious in the following complaints:—
Ague Cons. on of Fevers of all Lumbago Tic Douloureux
Asthma the Bowels kinds Piles Tumours
Bilious Com. Consumption Pile Rheumatism Ulcers
Plains Cough Gout Retention of Urine of all
Blotches on the Dropsy Head-ache Urine kinds
Skin Dysentery Indigestion Scrofula or King's Weakness from
Bowel complaints Erysipelas Inflammation Evil whatever cause,
Colic Female Irregular Jaundice Sore Throats &c., &c.
Lancitis Liver complaints Stone & Gravel

Sold at the Establishment of Professor Holloway, 244, Strand (near Temple Bar), London, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicines throughout the civilized world, at the following prices—1s. 14d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 23s., and 33s. per Box. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N.B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients in every Disorder are affixed to each Box.

"AT EVE UPON THE LONE SEA SHORE."

BALLAD, written by H. W. SALMON, composed by GUGLIELMO. Illustrated by Brandard. Price 2s. 6d. each.

G. Dix and Co., in consequence of parties finding a difficulty of obtaining this very popular ballad, beg to inform the public that it may be had at their establishment, 284, Regent-street, Portland-place, and that it will be sent post free to any part of the metropolis or United Kingdom on receipt of the amount in postage stamps.

Just published, "Beautiful June," Ballad, by Benedict Vaughan, price 2s. "Onward! onward! don't be Dreaming," by the same composer, price 2s. Sent post free to any part of the metropolis or United Kingdom.

G. Dix & Co., 284, Regent-street.

SOYER'S NEW BOUQUET A LA POMONA.

INTRODUCED, for the first time, at the Grand Ball given at Willis's Rooms, in aid of the Leicester-square Soup Kitchen.

The Ladies Patronesses were distinguished by having each a superb bouquet, which has been recently registered by M. Soyer.—"Morning Herald," May 26th.

Arranged only by T. SLAYMAKER, Grand Row, Covent Garden.

MARCHE HONGROISE DE FAUST,

AS performed at the Sixth Concert of the New Philharmonic Society, composed and arranged for Pianoforte by Hector Berlioz, is now published at

Cramer, Beale and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street.

NEW PIANOFORTE DUETS.

DOHLER'S Norma, Schulz's Wedding Polka, Cooper's Birthday March, Schulz's Pas Redouble, Rosell p. Deux Airs, book 1 and 2.

Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street.

NEW PORTRAITS OF

HANDEL, MOZART, BEETHOVEN & MENDELSSOHN.

MESSRS. BOOSEY have just published Four uniform and beautifully executed Portraits of these great masters, taken from the most authentic subjects, and drawn on stone by highly talented artists. Size, 25 in. by 20 in. Price 6s. each, or 21s. the set.

T. Boosey & Co., 28, Holles-street.

PARISHES OF ALLHALLOWS, BREAD-STREET,

And St. John the Evangelist, London.

AN ORGANIST and Teacher of Psalmody is required for the Church of Allhallows, Bread-street.

The salary is £35 a-year, and the services are in the morning and evening. Candidates are requested to send their applications and Testimonials under seal marked "Organist," to Messrs. Millard and Mackrell, Solicitors, Cordwainers' Hall, on or before Monday, the 25th instant.

No one will be eligible for election who holds a similar appointment. 15th June, 1852.

THE MISSES SMITH (VOCALISTS)

BEG to announce that they have arrived in Town for the Season.—Grave House, The Mall, Bayswater. June 17th, 1852.

HERR JOSEPH JOACHIM

BEGS to announce that he will give a **GRAND EVENING CONCERT** with FULL ORCHESTRA, on FRIDAY, JUNE 25th at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE. When he will perform Beethoven's Grand Violin Concerto, and several new Compositions of his own, assisted by the following eminent artists:—Vocalists: Miss Dolby, Herr Reichart and Herr Von der Osten; Instrumentalists: Violin, Herr Joachim; Pianoforte, Herr Pauer and Mlle. Claus. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; Reserved Seats, 15s. To be had of Herr Joachim, 6, Down-street, Piccadilly; Cramer and Co., Regent-street; Ewer and Co., Newgate-street; and of all the principal Musicians.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD

HAS the honour to announce that her **ANNUAL GRAND EVENING CONCERT** will take place on WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23rd, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE, assisted by the following eminent artists:—Miss Birch, Madame Macfarren, Miss Eliza Birch, M. Fedor, and Signor della Aste (from the Theatre Royal, Dresden), M. Sainton, Signor Patti and Bottesini, Mr. Hill, and Miss Arabella Goddard. Conductors, Herr Wm. Kuhe, Mr. Frank Mori, and Signor Biletta. Tickets, Seven shillings each (unnumbered seats); Reserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had only of Miss Arabella Goddard, 14, Clarendon Villas, Notting Hill; the Single Tickets may be had of all the principal Musicians.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN. ON MONDAY—SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT.

THE DIRECTORS beg leave most respectfully to inform the nobility and gentry that, in compliance with the wishes of many subscribers, to-morrow, Monday, June 21st, will be given as a Subscription Night, in lieu of Tuesday, September 7th. All ivories and tickets, therefore, for Tuesday, September 7th, will be available on Monday, June 21st, 1852, on which occasion will be performed Donizetti's Grand Opera,

I MARTIRI.

(The entire Opera.)

Paulina	Madame JULIENNE.
Severus	Signor RONCONI.
Felix	Signor MARINI.
Marcus	Signor STIGELLI.
Calisthenes	Signor POLOXINI.
A Christian	Signor SOLDI.
AND,					
Polyeatus	Signor TAMBERLIK.

COMPOSER, DIRECTOR OF THE MUSIC, AND CONDUCTOR,
M. R. COSTA.

On Tuesday next, JUNE 22nd,

I PURITANI.

Commence at Eight. Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit may be had at the Box Office of the Theatre, and of the principal Musicsellers and Librarians.

MUSICAL UNION.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, 'PATRON.—SIXTH MATINEE, TUESDAY NEXT, JUNE 22, WILLIS'S ROOMS. Trio C minor, violin, viola, and violoncello; Trio, E flat, Op. 70, piano, &c., Beethoven; Nono, for violin, violoncello, flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and horn, Spohr. Solo pianoforte. Executants—Vieuxtemps, Oury, Piatti, &c. Pianist, Charles Hallé. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each; to be had at Cramer and Co's.

J. ELLA, Director.

At the Director's Grand Matinée, on Tuesday, June 29, Vieuxtemps, Bottesini, Hallé, and Mdlle. Clauss, will play solos, &c.

MADAME PLEYEL'S

SECOND GRAND MATINEE MUSICALE will take place at WILLIS'S ROOMS, on THURSDAY NEXT, JUNE 24th, 1852, at half-past Two o'clock precisely. Vocalists—Madame Taccani Tassa and Mr. Switt. Violin, M. Vieuxtemps and Signor Sivi; Viola, M. Oury; Violoncello, Signor Piatti. Madame Pleyel will perform Mendelssohn's Quartett in C minor, with M. Vieuxtemps, M. Oury, and Signor Piatti; Beethoven's Grand Sonata in F, with Signor Sivi; Liszt's Illustrations du Prophète, and a selection from the works of modern composers. Conductor, Mr. Frank Bodda. Reserved Seats, 15s. each; Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, may be had at all the principal Music-warehouses, and at Cramer, Beale, and Co's, Regent-street; and Robert W. Ollivier, 19, Old Bond-street, Piccadilly.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS D'ETE

WILL COMMENCE at the Royal Surrey Zoological Gardens on MONDAY, JUNE the 28th, for one month only. In order to render his Concerts d'Ete at the Royal Surrey Zoological Gardens as brilliant and attractive as his Concerts d'Hiver at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, M. Julien has for this season secured the services of Signor Bottesini, Herr Koenig (exclusively), Miss Cicely Nott, and the following celebrated performers on their respective instruments: M. Bauman, Lazarus, Cioffi, Jarrett, Clinet, Sonnenberg, Lavigne, Engelke, Paque Wulle, &c. &c., the whole forming an Orchestra of 100 performers. Conductor, M. Julien. Admission, One Shilling. The concert to commence at half-past Six, and conclude at half-past Nine. Grand Display of Fireworks, and Eruption of Mount Etna.

MR. W. STERNDAL BENNETT

RESPECTFULLY announces that his MORNING PERFORMANCE OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on FRIDAY NEXT, JUNE 25th, to commence at Three o'clock, for which the services of Herr Joachim, Signor Piatti, and Miss Louisa Pyne, are secured. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had at all the principal Music-warehouses; and of Mr. W. S. Bennett, 15, Russell-place, Fitzroy-square.

MR. FRANK BODDA

BEGS to announce to his Friends and Pupils that his SOIREE MUSICALE will take place at the NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS, on FRIDAY, JULY 2nd. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each; to be obtained at Mr. Frank Bodda's residence, 42, Hart-street, Bloomsbury-square.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

IN AID OF THE

FUNDS OF THE GENERAL HOSPITAL,

On the 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th days of September next.

UNDER THE ESPECIAL PATRONAGE OF

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE ALBERT,
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE,
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

PRESIDENT,

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD LEIGH.

VICE-PRESIDENT,

THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY OF THE MIDLAND COUNTIES.

J. F. LEDSAM, Chairman of the Committee.

MISS EMMA GOODMAN

HAS the honour to announce that her FIRST SOIREE MUSICALE will take place at the NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 37, Queen Anne-street, on FRIDAY NEXT, the 25th JUNE, to commence at Eight o'clock. Vocalists—Miss Brougham, Miss E. Brougham, Miss Kate Hickson, Madame Zimmerman, Signor Ciabatta, and Herr Reichart. Instrumentalists—Violin, Herr Jansa; Pianoforte, Miss Emma Goodman. Conductors—Mr. W. Dorrell and Herr Anheuz. Tickets, 7s.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; to be had at the principal Music Warehouses, and of Miss Emma Goodman, 38, Great Marlborough-street.

QUARTETT ASSOCIATION.

WILLIS'S ROOMS, ST. JAMES'S.

UNDER the immediate Patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness the Prince Albert, and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.—The FIFTH PERFORMANCE will take place on WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 23rd, 1852, commencing at a quarter past Three precisely. Executants—Pianoforte, M. Prudent; Violin, M. Sainton and Mr. Cooper; Viola, Mr. Hill; Violoncello, Signor Piatti. Programme—Quartett, No. 14 (MS.), J. L. Ellerton; Duo Concertante, two violins, No. 1, Spohr; Grand Quartett, Posthumous, Op. 130, Beethoven; Pianoforte Solo, M. Prudent, Prudent. Single Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, may be obtained of Messrs. Addison & Co., 210, Regent-street; Leader & Cook, 63, New Bond-street; J. A. Turner, 19, Poultry, City; M. Sainton, 4, Cork-street, Bond-street; Signor Piatti, 51, Stanhope-street, Regent's-park; and of Mr. Cooper, 3, Windsor Cottages, Haverstock-hill. It is respectfully announced that Madame Pleyel has most kindly consented to postpone her departure from London for one week to perform at the Sixth and last Meeting of the Quartett Association, in order to give the Subscribers an opportunity of again hearing this favourite artist; the date of the last meeting is necessarily changed from Wednesday, the 7th July, to Wednesday, June the 30th.

A GRAND MORNING CONCERT

WILL be given at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on MONDAY, JUNE 21, 1852, to commence at Two o'clock precisely, for the BENEFIT of the HAHNEMANN HOSPITAL—President, Lord Robert Grosvenor—on which occasion the following eminent vocal and instrumental artists have kindly given their gratuitous assistance:—Vocalists—Mesdames Falconi, Dolby, Messert, Pyne, Lascelles, and Josephine Hugot; M. Gardoni, Wrighton, Levasor, and Frank Bodda. Instrumentalists—Pianoforte, Mdlle. Coulon; Violin, M. Sainton; Violoncello, Signor Piatti; Contra-basso, Signor Bottesini; Oboe, M. Lavigne. Conductors—M. Benedict and Sig. Piatti. Tickets, half-a-guinea each; reserved seats, 15s.; family tickets (to admit three) one guinea. The tickets to be obtained at the principal Music warehouses; at the Hahnemann Hospital, 39, Bloomsbury-square; at all the homœopathic chemists and publishers; and R. W. Ollivier, 19, Old Bond-street, Piccadilly.

HERREN GOLLMICK AND KLOSS

HAVE the honour to announce that they will give a GRAND MORNING CONCERT with FULL ORCHESTRA, on MONDAY, JUNE 28, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS. Vocalists—Mdlle. Falconi and Signor Gardoni. Instrumentalists—Herr Hausmann, Mr. John Thomas, and Herren Gollmick and Kloss. The Orchestra will be on the most extensive scale, and will include several of the most eminent performers in London. Single Ticket, 10s. 6d.; Family Ticket (to admit three), 21s.; to be had of Herr Gollmick, 12, Lower Belgrave place; Herr Kloss, 4, Stanley-place, Paddington; and of the principal Music sellers. Reserved Seats, 15s.; to be had only of Herr Gollmick, Herr Kloss, and Boosey & Co., 21, Holles-street.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor by MICHAEL SAMUEL MYERS, of No. 3, Studley Villas, Studley Road, Clapham Road, in the parish of Lambeth, at the office of MYERS & Co., 22, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, in the parish of St. Paul, where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid.—To be had of G. Purkiss, Dean Street, Soho; Allen, Warwick Lane; Vickers Holywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, June 19, 1852.